THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GLENDALOUGH.

he Church of the Rock, Where St. Kevin Offered Up the Holy Sacrifice.

A City Where Every Condition of Life Was Represented.

TEAMPULL NA SKELLIG.

A few strokes of the oar bring the boat under a ledge of rock, thickly grown with ferns and carpeted with well-cared sod. It is easy to land here and ascend a few yards to a little church, the teampull-na-skellig, or church of the rock, or desert, where, in his seasons of solitary prayer and meditation, St. Kevin offered up the holy sacrifice. Even here, in this lovely spot, pious care and art were brought in those far-back days to the building of God's house. By the efforts of the late Sir William Wilde, Dr. Petrie, and Rev. James Graves, the injuries done by time have been to a certain extent repaired here and at the various ruins around, and one is able to form some idea of the skill with which the windows, doorways, etc., were built and decorated. As for the sight of Teampull-na-skellig, the saints of old would seem to have had a passionate love of scenery, so exquisite were the spots which they almost invariably chose for their churches and monasteries, and certainly it would be difficult to find anything more sublimely poetic than the surroundings of this Temple of the Rock.

There are many legions related of the gentle kindness of St. Kevin, and to Teampull-na-Skellig a beautiful one belongs. It tells how the holy man being here one soft spring day, he stood long at the open window of his cell hard by, glorifying God in his heart for the exceeding beauty of this world, and, as he prayed, he held his hands outstretched; a blackbird came and alighted upon his wrist, built her nest in the palm of the Saint's hand, and laid her eggs within the nest. The holy man would not disturb God's creature that had taken refuge with him and placed her trust in him, but he waited on, never moving his hand day or night, until the young birds were hatched; he meanwhile prayed and sang and wondered at the love and care of God for the least of His creatures.

Another legend of Teampull-na-Skellig is that it was here aspirants for the monastic life were placed to "try their patience." They were let down from the cliff eight hundred feet above, to spend some time alone, to pray and meditate, and learn if they could in truth be content to leave the world with all its pleasures, and devote their whole lives to prayer and study and good works. The idea of a while spent here alone seems a pleasant enough trial of patience, viewed in the bright afternoon sun that makes even the lonely little church on its ledge of rock look something so fit for the surroundings—the House of God in the midst of majestic scenery that no hand but God's has ever beautified. The very cry of a dwarf eagle that flies in and out of her high nest above has a something in it keeping with the solemn quiet of a scene that one feels regretful for leaving, when reminded that this is only the first of the seven churches to be explored, and so the boat is again reached. As we once more glide over the water, a long look is taken at all round; at the steep walls that encircle the lake; at the water track where the mountain streams pour down; at the tortuous glistening paths of the mica slate that look like silver streamlets flowing down the heights; at St. Kevin's bed, whence the fairy man waves his hat in salute, in spite of our cowardice, and then in a shady dell we are landed and astonish the mild young boatman by not giving him double what in his heart he counts very handsome pay. Once, as we rowed out, I asked, "I suppose you have people from every country here?" "From every land

UNDER THE SUN,"

said the guide, "including Chinese (though what brings them here I can't conceive), but mostly Americans—they come in shoals." "And have plenty of money?" "Aye—and I never knew people can take care of it better. They say they had to earn it hard, and they want value for it. Sometimes, though, I think they'd be a little freer with it here if they considered how they must and will have guides here to show every place, and to talk as constant as machines and as learned as books, and as full of inventions as history, and never be hoarse or tired. We must be here and we must work hard in our season, and we have to remember that season is only summer, but the wife and little children will be there to provide for all winter." "Don't you see we are Americans?" I asked when the boatman hinted ladies should pay too much, and do it with grace. "Faith, then, asking your pardon, ladies, you're no such thing. If it was only by the way you sit on a jaunting car I'd know you were born and reared at home"—and our friend went on to describe how, even before they speak a word, he knows what country each visitor is from. He can show, too, cards of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the world, as if not only on trees and shrubs, but on the very guide some people would fain carve their names. It is a curious fancy, and one that does so much mischief that, as the Board of Works is doing something towards the preservation of our ancient remains, it would cost it but little more, and save much valuable property from being hacked and hewn, if it were to leave in some niche of the much frequented abbeys, etc., books or wooden blocks on which these valuable autographs could be registered. Hotel keepers save their furniture in this way, and also apply amazingly attractive literature to hundreds who are made happier in this harmless manner than by viewing all the scenery in creation. There might also be a few decoy stones of destiny and ancient oak monuments for those who will carry off chips from consecrated and historic places; a notice that, on account of their unique value, these relics must in no way be injured, would be sufficient to preserve the real objects of veneration. "The Visitors' Tree," would not be a bad institution in the pretty dell where stands the Refeart Church, the place of worship and burialplace of the kings of the Clan O'Tuathil or O'Toole, of whose race seven kings are said to lie buried in this charming graveyard. Close beside the old church a few stones piled at the head and foot of a long trench, kept freshly turned to mark the spot, is the grave which was covered by a finely cut stone slab with the inscription in ancient Irish characters:

"JESUS CHRIST,"
"Mile deach feuch corp Re MacMhuil."
(Behold the resting-place of the body of King M'Thuil, who died in Jesus Christ 1010).

This monument was removed, as have been numbers of other relics, to St. Kevin's kitchen, where they are preserved by a caretaker from the over zeal of visitors. But there are still many curious and beautiful monumental stones and crosses around this burial-place of kings, of of whose race was the great St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin. It is also a knight of the O'Tooles who haunts the lake below, and who, with his lady, is seen on moonlight nights crossing the waters from Refeart to the opposite shore of Camaderry, where they join the wild hunt up the glens.

The scene is beautiful here, on the slope of the mountain and in under the shady trees. Lugduff (Lugg dhuv—Black hill) behind, the lake full in a blaze of light beyond, and the riple of a trickling streamlet at one's very feet, where it makes its way from the old holy well that is close at hand.

It is thought by antiquarians that the city of Glendalough reached on both sides of the lakes and along the centre of the valley, from Refreart church to the Ivy church which stands close beside the round tower—a considerable area for a town in the sixth century—but here, according to eminent authorities, was a city where every condition of life was represented; where the schools, hospitals, colleges, trades; where men of all classes assembled, to live lives of devotion, study and the diligent employment of their days in all peaceful occupations, and from the schools and monasteries of this secluded valley teachers and preachers went forth to many parts of the world. The influence of St. Kevin's great piety "extended even to Briton and induced St. Mochuorog to convey himself hither, who fixed his residence in a cell on the east side of Glendalough, where a city soon sprung up, and a seminary was founded from whence were sent forth many saints and exemplary men, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the western world that universal light of letters and religion which in the earlier ages shone so resplendent throughout this remote, and, at the same, time tranquil isle, and were almost exclusively confined to it."

From Refeart a mountain path leads up, under trees and through ferns and flowers, until suddenly the sound of rushing water is heard, and next the pretty waterfall of Polinasse is seen leaping, a series of milk white cataracts, from rock to rock. It almost seems to come out of the little speck of sky above the closed in trees, and bounds, like a living thing between the dark rocks, now right, now left, dashing with its spray that bank of starry wood-anemones; again, a white boiling mass, it makes one bound through a deep cutting in the cliff, and away by our feet, hurrying madly off, awhile unseen, and again emerging lower down the gorge in a pool known by the unpoetic name of "Fion MacCuol's lathering box," wherein all bathers are said to be cured of headaches and cramps. I believe it is really dangerous to venture into it, the water is so icy cold. Fion MacCoul's box reminds me of what an incongruous collection of legends and traditions have been mixed up here by a long line of guides for the satisfaction of visitors of all tastes. It is a pity to have mingled tasteless stories with the beautiful traditions or legends having their origin in these early times of pure and childlike faith. This incongruity is mostly noticed along the road that leads from this beautiful mountain gorge back to the principal ruins.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. CORNELIUS HOLLAND.

A few months ago THE CITIZEN recorded the death of little Mamie Holland, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Holland, No. 430 Austin avenue. Today announces the sudden demise of the mother, who died on the 4th inst., after a brief illness. The twofold loss has proved a sad blow to Mr. Holland, who, in his deep affliction, has the warm sympathy of a host of friends. He is left with two helpless little ones, but He who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the field will provide for them. Mrs. Holland was an estimable lady, refined and educated. She died a truly Christian death, retaining all her faculties to the last. The funeral services were held at St. Columbkille's church, which was crowded by friends of the deceased. The body was subsequently interred at Mount Olivet cemetery by the side of her little daughter. May they rest in peace.

Literary Notes.

A very interesting book is "Our Flag," published by H. E. Lawrence & Co., of Chicago. The patriotic author, Mr. R. A. Campbell, has industriously sought, and intelligently digested, all available information on this fascinating subject, and the result of his labors is a very complete and desirable book.

"Philadelphia and its Environs" leaves nothing to be desired as a guide-book. It is handsomely and copiously illustrated; gives minute directions as to every point of interest, and the letter-press is excellent. It is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, who announce that they will send the book by mail on the receipt of 25 cents.

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

On Sunday week a tournament was held in Kiltarton, county Galway, under the auspices of the local football club. The following teams attended: Football clubs—Kiltormer, Ballinasloe, Aughrim, and Cappatangle; Hurling clubs—Kilconnell and Cappatangle. Owing to the bad weather only one match was played. The Ballinasloe Gaels, captained by J. T. Gebney, lined up against the stalwart Kiltormer men, captained by J. Hobson. The play was capital for an hour, and notwithstanding the fact that Ballinasloe had not played a match since they defeated the Mountbellew and Moylough Gaels at Ahascragh for the county championship, yet they defeated Kiltormer by three points to nil.

Two good hurling teams, the representatives of Ballygran and Crecora, met at Corkanree, county Limerick, to decide a championship match under Father Sheehy's board. The Crecora men won by a goal and two points, to one point and a disputed one.

At Mallow, in the contest for championship honors between the Cork and O'Brien Gaelic boards, Cork won the hurling by St. Finn Barr's team scoring five points to one scored by Bartlemy, and the O'Brien board won the football—Kilworth defeating the Nil Desperandums by 1 goal and 3 points to 3 points.

At the Poulmucka, county Tipperary, tournament, the sport seemed pleasing to all spectators. The match between the O'Brien-Daltons, Clonmel, and the Cahir Faugh a Baulaghs, caused great excitement. Referee, P. Morrissey; field umpires, P. Burke and J. Davin; goal umpires, F. Lonergan and P. Fahey; captains: Cahir, P. Franklin; Clonmel, T. Keane. Cahir won.

A football match was played at Tuam on July 27 between the Tuam Stars and the Corofin Colonel Nolans. Stars four points, Colonel Nolans nil.

The final tie for the Queen's county hurling championship was played at Maryborough on Sunday week, between the Rathdowney (1888 and '89 champions) and Clonaslee clubs, when the latter, contrary to general belief, won pretty easily.

The final football tie for the county Kilkenny was played in Kells on Sunday week, between the Commercials and Ballyhale. In the first half Ballyhale scored 1 point to nil for the Commercials, but in the last half matters were more even, and the Commercials scored 1 goal. This put their opponents on their mettle, and some fine play followed. A scrimmage ensued around the Commercial goal and the ball was put through, but the Commercials allege that several of their men were held bodily by the Ballyhale men. A dispute arose, and the match was discontinued. The matter has been referred to the county council.

The Faugh a Ballagh Gaelic team won the county Leitrim Gaelic championship. They are all small in stature, but the "stuff" is there.

The Gortlettra and Killoe teams recently played a good match of football. Alexander O'Neill, Cloonobid, accomodated the Gaels with play ground. Large crowds of people assembled to witness the play, which resulted in victory for the Gortlettra men.

Football in Illinois.

On Aug. 2 two very interesting games of football were played at Burlington Park. The Spring Valley Celtic Club played first with the Scotch Swifts, and having easily defeated them by a score of 3 goals to 1 goal, they were opposed by a fresh team called the Thistles, who adopted very rough tactics, but could not save themselves from an overwhelming defeat. The conduct of the Thistles and their sympathizers was contrary to all ideas of fair play and it speaks highly for the prowess of the Spring Valley Celtic Club that they could win in face of the unscrupulous tactics of their opponents. Following are the names of the Spring Valley Celtic Club: Michael Fagan, captain; James Shields, Patrick Gillen, Patrick Toner, Charles Hill, Christopher Drane, Robert Frail, Patrick Flood, John Traynor, John McDonald, James Flood.

Football in Chicago.

There will be a football game at the Wanderers' grounds, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, between the Columbia North Side club and the Davitts of the South Side, on Sunday, Aug. 17. All lovers of sport should see this game. There will be also hammer throwing, shot putting, throwing the 56 lb weight, tug of war, etc. Peter Foley, the noted heavy weight thrower, who has a standing challenge of $1,000 to anybody who breaks his record at this weight, and Dan McCarthy, the young champion of the South Side who will try to lower Mr. Foley's standard, will compete and cordially invite all wishing to do so to try their hand. Play will commence at 3 o'clock.

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best beautifier.

CAPPOQUIN.

The Story of an Ancient Irish Town Told by a '48 Man.

Captured by the Rebels in 1645 and Held by Them Ever Since.

BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH.
(Cloch-an-Cuinne.)

CHAPTER I.

Where the lingard flood to the south is sweeping,
For a backward glance at loved Knockmeal-down,
Lies, crowned with oak wreaths (like wood nymph sleeping),
In favored beauty, my native town.
God guard the hearts that these grey roofs cover,
Whose fervid pulses respond to mine,
When in raptured visions, I fondly hover
[illegible]
—Cloch-an-Cuinne.

Three Irish miles east of Lismore, on the southern slope of a low, wood fringed ridge which for miles westward runs parallel to the peerless Blackwater, and just where that historic stream diverges from its eastern course and turns abruptly to the south, is situated the ancient town of Cappoquin.

Verily, no town within the "four seas of Ireland" can boast of a more beautiful situation, and I may confidently add, of no Irish town are the natives more fondly proud, and with good reason, for, although now a quiet, dreamy-looking place, and in that respect, but an average specimen of most Irish inland towns in our day, Cappoquin, in times gone by, occupied a conspicuous place in the nation's history.

Of the precise period of the foundation of the town of Cappoquin, history has left no record. But, as its site commanded an important ford on the Blackwater, which was traversed by one of the principal ancient national highways, it must, from a strategetical point of view, be deemed a place worth occupying by the warlike tribes that knew how to turn its possession to advantage, and it is probable that its history is coeval with that of Lismore, Ardmore and Cashel with all which celebrated places it was connected by the [illegible] fore [illegible].

The [illegible] of the [illegible] the [illegible] tical [illegible] historical [illegible] feat [illegible] by those marauders in its vicinity while on their march to Cashel after having plundered Lismore, and tradition has it that the ancient wooden bridge which, until 1850 spanned the Blackwater at that point, was first erected by King Brian Boru to facilitate his military operations against those piratical barbarians. That bridge was certainly the most ancient structure of its kind erected over the historic river, and until within the present century, the only one that crossed the unfordable portion of the stream.

But whatever may have been the relative importance of the old town in those remote ages, certain it is that during the period of the Elizabethan and Cromwellian wars, its possession was often hotly contended for by the opposing armies. Guarded in front and flanked by two rivers, with a mountain chain in its rear, the most important "pass" through which it commanded, its naturally strong position was rendered more secure by a stone wall flanked by sturdy turrets, the whole commanded by a formidable castle, erected on the hill in its rear, within a few hundred yards of the locally historic "Blessed Well," and shadowing the road that led through the mountain pass into Tipperary.

This castle of Cappoquin was one of the most important strongholds built by the powerful "Clan Geraldine" to guard their extensive possessions in the valley of the Blackwater, and nowhere had that gallant and "rebellious" tribe more devoted adherents than the men who mustered on the bawn beneath its walls to the rallying cry of "Shan Ait Abu!" ("The old place forever.")

Long and dearly have their descendants suffered for their devotion to the old cause of "Country and Creed."

At the period of the "Great Rebellion"—as the Desmonds' manly stand in defense of the old faith was designated by the "Froudes" of the time and their congenial imitators since—Cappoquin, from its contiguity to Dromana, the residence of Sir John Desmond (younger brother of the great earl), became the base of operations from which that gallant scion of the Geraldine stock made his excursions—north, east and west into the enemy's territory. As a consequence, when the "Red Hag's" arms eventually triumphed, and all Desmond was converted into a howling wilderness where the wolf and fox roamed undisturbed, the sturdy old town was marked for special vengeance.

Nevertheless, when the triangular fight of 1641 broke out between the Royalists, Parliamentarians and Confederate Nationalists, we find Cappoquin, Phœnix like, risen from its ashes, and assuming its wonted position as the key to the several subordinate fortresses of that portion of Munster, lying between the rivers Suir and Blackwater, and Knockmeldown and the sea.

At the commencement of the war the town and castle of Cappoquin were garrisoned for the English (and himself) by the wily and acquisitive Earl of Cork, who was well aware that on its possession depended his hold on Lismore and all the fair lands and castles he had acquired between that and Youghal during the twenty preceding years. And right manfully the old rascal hung on to it, for himself and his son, Broghill, were tenacious of their prize, and like bulldogs clung to the bone of contention. For three years they baffled every effort made to wrest it from them, but at length on the 5th of April, 1645, it was taken by the Irish commander, Lord Castlehaven, and the national standard waved once more from castle and turret, mirrored in the placid river, and hailed by the enthusiastic plaudits of the exultant "rebels," who, in the the fashion of their forefathers had

"Won their own again."

CHAPTER II.

"We're all the same old 'Rebel breed!'
'Twill thrive till 'Judgment Day.'"
—Cloch-an-Cuinne.

The flag of the Irish Confederation planted on the battle-scarred rampart of Cappoquin on that eventful 5th of April, 1645, waved there triumphantly for the ensuing five stormy years, when the old town was invested by Cromwell's Parliamentarians, and after sustaining a vigorous fire from their batteries planted on a rock on the opposite side of the Blackwater, it was eventually taken. Its brave defenders and their descendants had good reason to comprehend the meaning of the saying: "The Curse of Cromwell!" for, as was the butcher's custom in all cases where his arms met with manly resistance, he massacred the remnant of the brave garrison that fell into his hands, together with a considerable number of the inhabitants, burned the churches, dismantled the fortifications, and divided the possessions of the "exterminated rebels" among his psalm singing cutthroats.

But the "rebels" were not "exterminated." Their prolific seed was too deeply rooted in that congenial soil. We find them cropping up again in the succeeding generation, and even surviving the overthrow of the National army, which battled for "James of mal odorous memory."

Local tradition still commemorates the daring exploits of the famous Rapparee Chief "William Mac Dick!" against the later brood of "Danes" and their Dutch allies, who, under William of Orange, succeeded the Cromwellian horde in the possession of the fair estates by the Blackwater. The people of the district still point with a grim smile to a deep hole situated a little north of Lismore, that bears the significant cognomen of "Poul na Danes," which it derives from the fact of a company of those detested foreigners—surprised in a Lismore tavern by the redoubtable "William Mac Dick!"—being driven into the pool to their necks, and left there, after first clipping their heads off. And thus the "irrepressible conflict" was kept up to our own day, for, in process of time, the descendants of the rank and file of Cromwell's and William's soldiery, either died out altogether or became amalgamated with the more sturdy and prolific "old stock." As for the landlords, it don't make much difference to [illegible]

[illegible] fully appreciate the true relations existing between themselves and the people of Cappoquin, the following incident will serve to illustrate:

A short time after the latest unmistakable exhibition of the old town's rebellious proclivities, a Cockney tourist, "doing" the country, was met at the hotel in Cappoquin by a witty, but graceless scion of the "Shoneen" aristocracy.

The latter, after finding out the purport of his new acquaintance's visit to Ireland, that he was in a very small way—

"A chiel amang us takin' notes,
An' (goin') to prent 'em—"

expressed a desire to know what he had to say about his present locality? Whereupon the other smirkingly pulled out his note book and read (what was evidently a quotation from some old "Typographical Gazetteer"):

"Cappoquin—An ancient village beautifully situated on the Blackwater, ninety-seven miles from Dublin, famous for being taken by the rebels in 1645"

"Write now under that," said the scampish interlocutor:

"And they kept it ever since!"

"You will then have the whole history of this town, for over two centuries, epitomized."

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD CORNER STONE.

Air: "O'Donnell Abu."

"Boldly look forth to the good time before us,
Never be shrinking, or cowardice known,
Watch for 'The Harp on the Green' floating o'er us,
And list to the 'Song of the Old Cornerstone.'
Ne'er let your hearts despair,
For this green land of Eire,
Never sit down, boys, to sigh or to moan;
But, like the flashing light,
Keep hearts and arms bright,
And sing ye this song round the 'Old Cornerstone.'"

Think on the days when the Sassenach ground us,
Think on the hate from his hand we have known!
Forget not the time, boys, his villain gyves bound us,
For loving poor Ireland and th' "Old Cornerstone."
Ne'er be your faces pale,
Sons of the gallant Gael,
Better to lie where your young blood has flown.
Better be sleeping low,
Entombed by your grasping foe—
Hurrah! for the "Song of the Old Cornerstone."

Ours was the time like the fierce Arab ranger,
We stood (like the children of Ishmael) alone!
When all hands were lifted to smite us with danger,
And none sung the "Song of the Old Cornerstone."
Then they thought our hope was spent,
Our life sapped, and gone our strength;
Macreach! if they knew but how true we have grown!
Grown, though our hearts were sore,
Crushed with the ills we bore,
Hurrah! for the boys of the Old Cornerstone!

How fond was their love(?) when requested to save us;
"We asked but for bread and were handed a stone."
The debt shall be paid in the coin that they gave us,
We'll make them remember the Old Cornerstone!
Back will we pay it, sure,
With Irish hate, fierce and pure,
A blow for their blow, boys, a laugh for their groan.
Ne'er be your faces pale,
Sons of the Clan-na-Gael,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah! for the Old Cornerstone!

—*John Walsh.*

No one conversant with the local history of that old town by the Blackwater, requires information in regard to the special connection the above song has therewith. But as the "Old Cornerstone" is to every man, woman and child born in Cappoquin, an object of as much veneration as was the *Lia Fail* to the ancient residents of "Royal Tara," the "Stone chair" on Tullach Og Rath to the Clan-Niall, or the "Treaty Stone" to the "Garryowen Boys," no history of the place can be complete without a notice of this curious relic, or a reference to its mystic influence on the natives.

Materially considered, the "Cornerstone" is simply a quartz boulder of about a cubic yard in solid measurement, which, from time immemorial has been located at one of the corners of the streets that intersect each other at right angles in the centre of the town. It is a block of irregular shape, level on its upper surface and though harder than iron, polished smooth from the attrition of centuries, as its site has ever been the most attractive lounging place of the townsfolk.

How it originally came there, or why it came to be regarded as a talismanic symbol, no one knows. No reference to it has been found in any ancient record; even pre-historic tradition is silent on the subject. The most "knowledgeable" of the local *seanachies* could scarcely venture to risk their reputation by a conjecture as to whether it was originally the "Coronation Stone" of the primeval chiefs of the district or a "Sacrificial Table" of the Druids. They know it has been for countless generations an object of loving pride to their people; that, in its honor "rosins" and songs unnumbered have been composed by successive local "Poets Laureate" from (for all that is known to the contrary) the Fenian "Prince of Song," Oisin, down to his modern disciple, the author of the foregoing spirited and characteristic "Anthem."

That it exercises a subtle spell on those born within the ancient town limits is undeniable. Its name is to them, veritably, "a word to conjure with," an "open sesame" to the hearts of those who comprehend its significance, whether shouted as a rallying cry in a melee on an Irish fair green, or joyously uttered at a loving reunion of Transatlantic exiles.

It is to them all the "Password" of which the "countersign" is—Sinn Fein! Sinn Fein!

CLOCH-AN-CUINNE.

Nashville Hibernian Society.

The Hibernian Benevolent Society of Nashville, Tenn., [illegible] afternoon, Aug. 3. The meeting was largely attended. The following [illegible] letter from the Rev. T. C. Abbott was read:

[illegible]

[illegible] remembered, and the prominent part your society took in the exercises will not soon be forgotten. I sincerely hope it will not be long ere your beautiful regalia—green—will again blend in harmony with the name the new church bears—at the dedication—and doubly endear the name to the devoted people of Nashville.

With my best wishes for your personal welfare, I am, etc., T. C. ABBOTT.

After a considerable amount of business had been acted upon in the interest of the society, the meeting adjourned.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a meeting of Nativity Court No. 11, I. C. O. F., of Chicago, held on Aug. 5, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and mercy to remove from our midst our worthy and respected brother, Michael Nolan, who died at his residence, July 18, 1890; and

WHEREAS, Brother Nolan, during life, was a true and noble man, endowed with firm principles of mind and heart, respected by all in the community for his simplicity and purity of character, and who died as he had lived—a faithful Christian; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Nolan this Court has lost one of its most active and generous members; his family a kind, loving husband and father; and be it further

Resolved, That we, the members of Nativity Court No. 11, herewith tender the widow and family of our deceased brother our deepest sympathy in this their hour of sorrow and affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records and published in the *Guide* and THE CITIZEN, and a copy presented to the family of the deceased, and that the charter of this court be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

MICHAEL MALLOY,
RICHARD J. PHELAN,
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"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MIDNIGHT ON THE SHANNON.

Keliff McNab, late steward of Grangemore, when he had seen his enemy once more in the hands of the law and justice, felt satisfied. Then he bethought him—whither he should go. There was but slight welcome for him, he well knew, at any place in the town; there was still less in the country districts. There was possibility of danger for him everywhere. For the present, there was no home for him amid the burned walls of Grangemore.

It was only for one night, however. He was pretty will assured that Lady Hargrave would provide for him on the morrow.

A thought occurred to him! It had been rankling in his mind all day, cropping up even under the exciting incidents that had taken place. It grew stronger now that all doubts as to the trial and its results were over, and that his mind so far was appeased. It grew stronger and stronger until—with that fascination that sometimes draws people in the direction in which their terror and danger have their source—as a belated wayfarer, timid and fearful, will fain cast his eyes, in despite of himself, in the direction whence he dreads the appearance of a ghost—his uncertain and wandering steps bent them in the direction of the ruined cabin by the Shannon side, where he had been the night before.

There was an uncomfortable feeling around him which he could not get the better of—horrible thoughts springing up which he could not control—and to allay them, and to ease his mind, he left the town, and taking his way by the river banks, in the dark, made his way to the place.

It was approaching midnight when he reached there. He wandered for some half a mile, or so, up and down the river banks, peering into the side pools and back waters thereof, apparently looking for something—Wading through tall flaggers, creeping under the brushwood that grew close to its edge, glancing around any protruding barriers that stayed or barred the current of the stream—but there was nothing there of the character that he seemed to expect. Any black substance—collection of floating leaves or otherwise—he carefully turned over with his stick; but still there was nothing there to satisfy his attention.

Whatever he was searching for, was not there—or was not at all events observable.

Much relieved and satisfied, he abandoned his inspection and directed his footsteps towards the cabin. The his surprise he saw again lights there!

From under the protecting shelter of a clump of furze he watched the house. The broken door was re-hung and closed. Much disturbed, he drew near, and, hearing voices talking, listened.

Demons of earth and air!—what low tones—what woman's voice was that he heard! Had the night and the Shannon given up their dead! Had the drowning waters yielded up their prey!

He listened on: whilst the drops of perspiration—begotten of supreme terror and fear—grew thick and rounded on his forehead.

Then suddenly he started up. For a second he glanced up at the thatched roof, and around it, as if he were speculating whether he should not set it on fire and burn to death all within.

But if he entertained the idea, it was impractical; and the next moment he was hurrying with blind fear from the place, and in the direction of Grangemore!

The first faint rays of the early summer dawn were beginning to tinge, with a roseate hue, the rim of the horizon in the distant East, when the gentlemen left the cabin.

"This has been a singular business," said the doctor.

"Most extraordinary and most providential," said the Colonel. "It is stranger than the wildest fiction."

"I never had a doubt," said the Captain, "since the night we sailed through the storm on a broken mast, that they were both innocent."

"But the most remarkable thing of all," said Rupert, "was the turning up, by the oddest chance, of this second convict. An hour later, or a day earlier, and what evil had been done."

"That puts me in mind, Rupert—what do you propose doing?"

"Taking the doctor with me to see the injured gentlemen," said Rupert. "They should have had assistance long before this if it were possible."

"Right, Rupert. I should go with you myself, but that it is necessary I should go back to Athlone to complete these depositions, and make out the warrant for arrest. There is not a moment to be lost in these things. I shall rise out to see the gentlemen as soon after as may be."

"By the way, Rupert," added the Colonel as they were parting.

"Yes," said Rupert.

"In case I should fail to see you before morning, take a troop of your men and arrest this villain. You will find your authority on my writing desk."

In a moment more the doctor and Rupert Clarendon were riding towards the scene of the accident.

But their presence was useless. The baronet and his son had breathed their last, hours before. Had, indeed, been dead what time they were carried up from the quarry and borne to the ruined farmhouse.

Thence the two rode to Orchard Cottage, where, leaving the doctor to attend to the still unconscious girl, Rupert sped back to the barracks.

Much as he should have liked to remain and talk with and console the two girls, there was a purpose still more fixed and resolved in his heart—the arrest of the villain who had been at the foot of all these troubles. Not a moment, so far as he was concerned, should be lost in bringing him to justice. Wherefore, with hurried but cheerful apologies, Rupert was away on his mission back to Athlone.

"Rupert," said the Colonel, as they met at the barrack door, "do you remember that night when we missed our way?"

"Yes," said Rupert.

"You remember the party we saw tying up the bundles of sticks in the out-offices of Grangemore?"

"Yes?" assented and queried Rupert.

"That was the time he was preparing to burn the mansion."

"I think you are right," said Rupert. "A wonder we never thought of it before."

"That bears out the dying creature's statement."

"It does. But there is something even stranger than the poor girl's story."

"Something stranger!"

"Aye, Colonel; something stranger."

"What is it?"

"This villain and scoundrel we are now in search of is son to—guess whom?"

"How should I know?"

"To ——." Rupert whispered the name in his ear.

"Nonsense!—absurd!" cried the Colonel in great surprise.

"True as the sun is rising yonder."

"How could that be?"

"Born before her marriage with Sir Hardinge."

"That is true?"

"Unquestionably true."

"Well, it is, if that be so," said the Colonel, standing in a state of intense astonishment, "a strange world."

"Strange or otherwise, that is the case," said Rupert, as he cantered forward with his men.

He rode forward some distance in deep reverie. Without well knowing why, or indeed thinking of it, he had taken once more the direction of Orchard Cottage. Remembering himself, he reined up to consult with the sergeant in attendance.

He had scarcely done so when a form emerged from the hedge beside him.

"I know whom you are seeking," said the man, "you will find him in the ruins of Grangemore."

"Whom are we seeking?" asked Rupert, a good deal surprised and displeased at this apparition.

"The Scotch steward—McNab."

"How do you know?" asked he again, suspicious that the party had overheard his conversation with his subalterr, and might be misdirecting him.

"I saw him go in that direction last night."

"What is your name?"

"Darby Kelly."

"How do you know?" asked he again, suspicious that the party had overheard his conversation with his subaltern and might be misdirecting him.

"I saw him go in that direction last night."

"What is your name?"

"Darby Kelly."

"Come with me," said Rupert, more to prevent his spreading the news around, and so putting the fugitive on his guard than for any other purpose.

The newcomer, however, was nothing loath to do so.

And on the way he told Rupert that he had been with others in the neighborhood of the cabin by the river last night, had watched the motions of the steward, had seen him go to the cabin door and listen, had seen his hurried and disordered flight thence, had watched whither, and had traced him to Grangemore.

Further: told him of his presence on the previous night there also, and of the cry they had heard of a woman's voice drowning in the river, and of his appearance shortly after—all in strong corroboration, if corroboration were needed, of the dying girl's story.

"He must be a singularly dreadful villain," said Rupert, when Darby Kelly came to the end of his tale.

But the narrator omitted to inform him that their own business there last night—he, the music maker, and others—was, when they heard of Kevin Moore's recapture, to concert fresh measures in face of this untoward event for his safety, and in the hope of meeting Charley; and that their own surprise was little less than that of the steward when they saw lights and heard strange voices in the abandoned cabin.

There was a range of outhouses at Grangemore that had been saved from the fire. These the soldiers searched. They all stood empty and open save one—the hay loft.

This was firmly barred and fastened from within.

"He's hiding there," remarked the sergeant.

"Force the door open."

The former was about to fire his pistol through the lock to break it, but Rupert ordered him to desist.

"You might shoot him," he said, "we must bring him in safe and unhurt if possible."

Getting a charred plank of timber out of the debris of the ruin they applied it to the door after the fashion of a battering ram.

Four or five plunges of it were sufficient to burst the door from its fastenings, and stave it inwards; and with it in rushed a number of the soldiers.

He was not there!

They then rushed up the narrow stairway.

"He is here!" cried the foremost soldier, as soon as his head appeared above the loft. "He is here!—standing in the corner!"

Whilst Rupert awaited his arrest, he was surprised to hear from the men upstairs a cry of fear and astonishment, and a confused tumbling down stairs; whilst some of them throwing open the upper door, leaped in confusion therefrom to the ground.

"What is amiss? What are you afraid of?" asked Rupert angrily, as he glanced at the scared faces of the men. "Is he not there?"

"He is, but—he is dead! He's hanged himself!"

The steward was standing, apparently, in the corner hiding;—and when the foremost soldier rushed over and seized him he swung easily around, and the affrighted soldier saw——the sight that scared them!

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.

The time allotted by the judge for the dread penalty was not long.

Proofs and all, though they had in their hands of the prisoner's innocence, it was necessary—to save him—to lay these without delay before the supreme pardoning power. It was not easy, even with fair proofs of innocence, to set aside the death sentence. That the colonel well knew.

There was not a moment to be lost. The lord lieutenant was in london. The judges who held the commission in his absence would be slowest of all men to set aside a verdict or respite a prisoner under sentence of death, without, perhap, more legal proofs than could be readily brought.

Accidents of this kind had happened before, and might happen again now.

In a hurried consultation of the officers it was decided that Rupert should at once proceed to London, bearing the documents and a letter from the Colonel with him. His friends were wealthy, aristocratic and influential, were high up in the governing body, and not only hand in hand with the ministry, but in the cabinet themselves. It was there relief should be absolutely assured him.

There was not a moment to be lost if the prisoner's life were to be absolutely assured him.

Swiftly as relays of horses could bear him—it was in the pre-railway days—Rupert sped forward to the Irish metropolis.

The boat was leaving for Liverpool as he drove down the quays. He stepped on board without a moment's delay, and took the first rest he had had for some nights.

Arrived in Liverpool, he lost no time; but from stage to stage, from town to town, on the great highway to London, by relays of horses, he flew forward. How slow—notwithstanding all his speed—the 300 miles or so that intervened between Liverpool and the great metropolis, seemed to pass over! How he counted the nights and days and, totting them up, subtracted them from the ever lessening sands of time that measured the prisoner's fleeting life.

Would London ever be reached! Mail drivers marvelled to see the chaise that, in a whirl of dust, spun forward on the summer roads. Stage owners and hostlers, waked up suddenly in the night time to provide fresh horses, wondered what matter of life or death could send the headlong traveler speeding thus untiringly forward.

London reached, he lost no time in making intercession with his powerful friends. Such force and pleading as his was not to be denied. He did not rest until, under the sovereign's own hand, he had obtained full and complete pardon.

With no delay he resumed his journey back, the precious missive in his keeping.

How bright looked the world on his return journey, lit up not alone with the summer's sun, but with the, to him, brighter sunlight of Norah's radiant eyes! The very darkest night, as he sped along, grew bright with the beauty and the loveliness of her bewitching smiles—with the love and gratitude he saw beaming in anticipation from the kindling, [illegible] blue eyes!

He arrived at Athlone, way worn and tired—but still filled with untiring energy—on the day preceding that fixed for the execution. The scaffold was a building—no, not a building, it was too often used for that—but a putting in order, when covered with the dust of his long journey, he stood once more in his Colonel's presence!

It were but telling an old tale to tell of the joy that came on all hearts in Orchard Cottage when Kevin Moore stood at last among them a free man.

And when, a few months afterwards, Rupert Clarendon bore with him to India, to his new command there, his beautiful wife, there were waited after him and the beautiful girl, whose love he had won, more sincere good wishes than ever since followed aught parting from Irish shores.

Lucy Hardinge was long in recovering from the brain fever into which the occurrences of that dreadful night had thrown her. But she was carefully tended by the young English doctor; and what was more fitting than that afterwards—many months afterwards—the heiress of Grangemore should give him her hand and fortune!

"Who'd have thought," Convict No. 37 used to say, "when we were were in the hospital at Plymouth, that the doctor so kind and attentive to us would one day own Grangemore an' Carrigbrae?"

Who, indeed? But the ways of the world and the chances of life are strange—very strange!

* * * * *

Kevin Moore and Maury Keefe lived in Orchard Cottage long enough to see tall men and fair girls grow up around them—to whom the story of the convict times was a dim tradition. Phelim Rorke lived with them, taking care, however, in good time to take possession of the hidden treasure in the old rath in Clare; and whatever ill deeds, if any, its hider had been guilty of in acquiring it in forgotten times, were amply atoned for by the good uses to which Convict No. 37 applied it—in acts of unseen benevolence among the poor and afflicted of Westmeath. But, curiously enough, to the end of his life he bore on his neck and face strange red marks where the grasp of the haunting spirit had been on him that terrible night in Clare.

The association inaugurated in the ruined abbey at Mullawnabeg spread through the length and breadth of Westmeath, and did essential service for years in keeping the people in their homes, and not until a "great leader" arose in Ireland, who promised the people freedom, repeal and what not, by the agency of immense demonstrations and speeches in the house of commons, was its influence abated. The "great leader," however, omitted, to inform them that never in the pages of history—ancient or modern, sacred or profane—was it recorded that the conqueror's grip (whether that of a nation or individual) on the throat of a subject nation had been relaxed until broken by force—until the foreigner and oppressor had been thrust back with bullet or steel. So the people—with what, looking back on it now, must be deemed a species of national frenzy—took to monster meetings, tremendous cheering, and great victories. The government and the landlords looked on complacently at their monster meetings and great victories. They were welcome to as many newspaper victories as they liked—and much good they might do them! But while they were away huzzaing and cheering, the crowbar brigade was at work behind them leveling their homes. Each saw his neighbor's house and family doomed; but believed his own secure—he would have Repeal and protection next year. It was a sort of political vision of Mirza.

The sturdy days of resistance and combination and self reliance were over, and the era of depopulation had set in with renewed vigor. The climax of ruin, however, was reached in gloomy '48, when, amid the lowing of fattening herds, and while fields of waving corn, the Irish people laid themselves meekly down to die. How it came to pass that so gallant a race, whose valor and dauntlessness have been proved on the battlefields of the world, should not have had the genius or the courage to "hold the harvest" for themselves and their families, and to shield them from ruin and death, is one of the many inexplicable things in this Irish land.

The territory of Grangemore alone, of all Westmeath, came unharmed out of the evil time, and is even now a pleasant oasis in that landlord ridden country. And among the wealthiest farmers therein are the descendants of Convict No. 25.

For the rest the broadest estates the highest rank in Devonshire are today held by those who owe, if not their name, at least their bright eyes and handsome looks to the fair visitor at Orchard Cottage.

[THE END]

GAELIC POETRY.

Lament for Kilcash.

I

Oh! what shall we do for the green-wood,
The last of its trees are hoar:
And mute is Kilcash, and its high bells
Shall ring out their chimes no more!
'Twas there dwelt the beautiful lady,
Who purest of graces wore—
Where nobles from many a land came
And masses were chanted o'er.

II

'Tis source of my sorrow the sorest,
To see the gates worn away,
The beautiful avenues plowed up,
Where Winter winds howling play!
Thy roof shedding tear-drops of ruin,
Thy chivalry's plumes decay,
And hear but the voice of the wailing,
For bishop and lady pray.

III

No duck or goose whirs through the air there,
Nor eagles from eyries glide,
Nor murmur the busy bees hoarding
Their honey for hosts of pride:
Nor singing birds singing more lowly,
As glimmers the glowing west,
Nor coos the cuckoo—the cuckooing
That lulleth all gloom to rest.

IV

When hunted deer fly to the mountain,
From fowler and hound on trail,
They pantingly gaze on thy ruin,
Once pride of the blooming vale;
Thy pleasure-green changed into fallow,
Of barren, unharrowed mould,
And dairied thy paddock and lawn now,
Where nestled the fawn of old.

V

Above thee is looming a vapor,
From no summer ray will fly;
A light from whose pestilent teeming,
Thy silvery streams run dry.
No longer are hollies or hazels,
But stories on the bare hill side,
And shelterless burrows the hare from,
And rabbits astray have hied.

VI

And now as the top of our ailing,
The prince of the Gaels has fled,
And with him the fair of the fairest,
In France and in Spain who led;
A crowd of dependents bemean her,
Who shared of her molten gold,
'Tis she who her people would grind not
But sheltered lame, blind, and old.

VII

I pray to the Savior and Mary,
To send her back again,
We'll dance the long dances around her,
To many a sounding strain,
The home of our sires shall once more be
Exalted in glorious sheen,
To sink never more till the flood shall
Above its tall woods be seen.

"THE SHAN VAN VOCHT."

Next week THE CITIZEN will begin the publication of the "Shan Van Vocht," a tale of the United Irishmen, in which Lord Edward, Wolfe Tone and other noted patriots figure, by Prof. James Murphy, the author of "Convict No. 25," "Hugh Roach the Ribbonman," "The Forge of Clohogue," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," Etc. Etc. Prof. Murphy is acknowledged by the press of Great Britain and Ireland to be the best living Irish novelist.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CRONIN—July 26, at Myrtle Street Hospital, Liverpool, Capt. Daniel Cronin, of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.

DUFFY—July 26, aged 87 years, Joseph Duffy, Ahagah, Moyne, Arva.

DUNPHY—July 28, Harriette Agnes, daughter of John Dunphy, Kyle House, Rathdowney, Queen's county.

M'DERMOTT—July 28, at his residence of his father, Drumsna, county Leitrim, Michael, second son of John McDermott, pupil St. Mel's College, Longford, and brother of Dr. T. McDermott, aged 18 years.

MACSWINEY—July 29, at his residence, No. 9 Upper Merrion-st, Dublin, Stephen M MacSwiney, M.D., F.R.U.I., and F.K. & Q.C.P.I.

MAGUIRE—At Houndswood, Cong, Co. Mayo, July 25, Edward Francis, eldest son of C J.O'L Maguire, M.D.

NEILL—At Thomastown, July 29, Maria, relict of the late James Neill, deeply regretted by her sorrowing family.

WHITE—At Clatherstown, Co. Meath, July 28, James White, son of the late Patrick White, aged 27.

CONDREN—At Moneygarrow, county Wexford, July 30, Mary, beloved wife of Laurence Condren, afed 54 years.

FURLONG—At the residence of her son, No. 143 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, in her 87th year, Catherine, the wife of Michael Furlong, formerly of Kilquiggan, county Wicklow.

HANLEY—At her residence, Lower Buckingham street, July 29, Mrs. Mary Hanley, relict of the late Mr. T. Hanley, Phlisboro', and mother of Rev. Joseph Hanley, C.M., Irish College, Paris, and of Rev. James Hanley, C.M., St. Augustin's Balmaine, Sydney; aged 85 years.

HEWETT—At Keel Lodge, Ballymahon, county Longford, July 29, Mary, wife of William Hewett.

MANN—At the Woodside Hotel, Rostrevor, July 29, Jennie, daughter of the late James Henry Mann, Armagh.

M'NAMARA—At Newmarket on Fergus, July 28, aged 84 years, Matthew McNamara, father af Rev. P. J. McNamara, Our Lady of Mercy's, Brooklyn, and Rev. J. McNamara, P.P., Ogonalloe.

NICHOLSON—At No. 7 Oakfield place, S.C. road, Michrel Nicholson, Esq, C.E., late of Urachry House, Ballinasloe.

BOLGER—At Coalmarket, Carlow, July 26, Emly, wife of William Bolger.

BOWES—At his residence, Main street, Maryborough, July 27, Michael Bowes.

ELLIS—At Neuhaus, Am Inn, Bavaria, July 24, Annie Ellis, eldest daughter of James Ellis, Ooldcourt, Haroldscross.

FLYNN—At his father's residence (Rev. Charles Flynn), Kinlough, July 28, Francis Flynn, late Divinity student, Moynooth College.

HACKETT—July 22, at her residence, Ballyboggan, county Meath, Mrs. Margaret Hackett, relict of the late Thomas Hackett.

O'BRIEN—July 23, in Dublin, Owen O'Brien, late of Marsh, Drogheda. His remains were interred in the Chord burial ground.

WALSH—July 19, at the residence of his father, Rathmaiden, Slane, county Meath, Nicholas Walsh, aged 16 years, second son of Mr. Thomas Walsh.

BARRY—July 12, at Jorhat, India, of jungle fever, John McCaw Barry, son of the late William Barry, Ballyministras, Killinchy.

MURPHY—July 15, at his residence, Quay, Bantry, Denis Murphy, builder, aged 78 years.

NEEDHAM—July 18, at Cahercniveen, county Kerry, Maria, daughter of the late Thomas Richard Needham, of St. Edmondsbury, Lucan, county Dublin.

ROSS—July 17, at Helen Ville Strand, Youghal, Willie, son of William and Annie Ross, aged 15 years.

O'DRISCOLL—July 17, Timothy O'Driscoll, car proprietor, Summerhill, aged 64 years.

Mr. Huggard's Stroke of Fortune.

The prosperity which recently came to Joseph Huggard in the shape of a $15,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery has not in the slightest degree turned the fortunate recipient's head. He still carries on file-making in the little shop at No. 24 John street, which he has conducted all alone for several years and proposes to keep right along as formerly instead of giving up his old occupation or attempting to splurge in any direction. He was busily employed about his work when the writer called upon him today. "There isn't much of a story to tell," said he, when asked about his stroke of good luck. "My ticket was a one fortieth of No. 59,843 which won the $600,000 prize in the last drawing and my share was $15,000. I forwarded the ticket to New Orleans for collection by the Adams Express Company, and a check for the amount came back promptly. It makes me comfortably well off, and I am satisfied and rejoiced, although I have no idea of allowing my good luck to run away with my senses."

Mr. Huggard said the lucky ticket was the twelfth he had bought, having begun an investment of one dollar monthly a year before at the suggestion of a friend who put in the same amount. It was agreed that they should share whatever winnings came to either, but after keeping up the arrangement for eleven months the friend weakened and declined to go in the twelfth. "This turned out so much the better for me," continued Mr. Huggard. "I am still investing $1 a month in the lottery, and will keep on doing so as it certainly won't break me even if I win nothing more. I have never gambled previously, nor previously indulged in any speculation in my life."—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer, July 14.*

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 155 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assissium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 205 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 285 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O.S.F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6. 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 283 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Henneberry, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49[illegible] Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2954 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 853 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 399 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, O. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—354 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. F. Koslowski, pastor. Residence 223 Southport av.

St. Adalbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 713 W Seventeenth st.

SUMMONED BY DEATH.

The Sudden Taking Off of John Boyle O'Reilly.

PARTICULARS OF THE SAD EVENT.

Mr. O'Reilly Had Been a Sufferer from Insomnia for Some Time and Is Supposed to Have Taken an Overdose of Chloral, Which Caused His Death—Found on the Floor by His Wife in a Dying Condition.

NANTASKET BEACH, Mass., Aug. 11.—John Boyle O'Reilly died very suddenly at his summer home at 5 o'clock Sunday morning. The cause of his death is supposed to have been accidental poisoning. The particulars, as far as known by the family, are as follows: Mr. O'Reilly had been suffering for several days from insomnia. During the last week he had slept but little. Saturday night his wife was ill, and at 12 o'clock he called Dr. William H. Litchfield, of this town, to attend her. Dr. Litchfield went to the house and prescribed for her, leaving a bottle of medicine. About 2 o'clock Mr. O'Reilly again called the doctor, and said that part of the medicine left for Mrs. O'Reilly had been spilled. The doctor then gave him a single dose to take to her. As he left the doctor's Mr. O'Reilly said that he felt extremely tired, and if Mrs. O'Reilly went to sleep he would take a little something himself to see if he could not get a few hours' sleep.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

An Overdose of Chloral.

At 4 o'clock Mrs. O'Reilly awoke and found that her husband was missing. She went down-stairs and found him on the floor in an unconscious condition. The doctor was immediately called. Upon arriving he found the respiration very weak, and Mr. O'Reilly expired shortly after. A bottle was found, containing the medicine used by Mrs. O'Reilly, from which she had taken but very little, but which was nearly empty. It is supposed that Mr. O'Reilly took a dose from it by mistake. This would not have produced death, and it is thought he must also have taken a dose of chloral to make him sleep, and that he took an overdose. Mrs. O'Reilly and her four daughters are nearly prostrated with grief. The body was removed to Charlestown Sunday morning. Mr. O'Reilly was 46 years old on the 25th of last June.

Sketch of His Life.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born at Castle Dowth, county Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. He was tried and convicted of high treason in June, 1866, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, but the sentence was commuted to twenty years' penal servitude. In 1869 he escaped to the United States, where he has since been editor of The Boston Pilot. He has published "Songs from the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends and Ballads," "Moondyne," and "Statues in the Block."

A Public Calamity.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—A Bar Harbor, Me., special to The Globe says that Cardinal Gibbons, on being informed of John Boyle O'Reilly's death, said: "It is a public calamity. Not only a loss to the country but the church and humanity in general." Turning away he added: "It's a great loss; a great loss." Archbishop Ryan seemed greatly shocked and said: "Humanity can ill spare such a man as John Boyle O'Reilly from its foremost ranks. It is indeed a painful surprise." Secretary Blaine seemed painfully surprised to hear of the death, but made no comment.

Oat-Meal Mill Burned.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—The Pullman oat-meal mill and elevator, situated a mile and a quarter southeast of Kensington, burned Sunday morning, entailing a loss of $45,000. The fire had smoldered, it is supposed, for forty-eight hours, originating in a spark from a heated bearing in the machinery on the third floor of the mill. The flames burst from the mill doors about 9 o'clock in the morning and spread with great rapidity, appearing at nearly all sides at once and beyond control from the first.

Worked Like a Charm.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 9—At Wolf's station, O., Calvin Kinsey, whose store had been visited by burglars several times, set a trap. A gun was arranged so that it would be discharged the instant anybody touched the money drawer. Thursday night a burglar entered the store, attempted to "tap the till" and was shot through the leg. He was found next morning a short distance from the store in a thicket to which he had crawled, and was taken to jail. He refused to give his name.

Trying to Save Murderers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9—The criminal lawyers may take a stand against the electrical execution law. Lawyer John R. Heinselmann, who defended three murderers who are now awaiting execution, said Friday that he, like many others of his profession, believes the killing of murderers by electricity to be inhuman and horrible, and that he will take immediate steps to have Governor Hill respite all murderers condemned to die by electricity until the legislature meets.

A Youthful Maryland Borgia.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 9—Mary Metzdorff, a 10-year-old girl, was arrested Friday afternoon on the charge of poisoning her step mother Mrs. Kate Metzdorff, Miss Louisa Broadwater and her brother James Metzdorff. Arsenic was used in coffee and Miss Broadwater is dead. James Metzdorff is not expected to recover. Mrs. Metzdorff is out of danger. The girl will make no statement.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Several People of Baltimore Drowned While Bathing.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 8.—Mrs. Mollie Storm, the wife of Mr. S. W. Storm, a clerk in the tax department at the city hall, and Edith, his daughter; Mrs. J. R. Johnson, wife of the secretary of the Viaduct Manufacturing company, and Carroll, son of J. S. Graham, clerk of Spring Grove asylum, were drowned Thursday afternoon in St. Inigoes creek, in St. Mary's county, while bathing. The bodies were recovered by oystermen in the vicinity and were brought to Baltimore Friday morning. The drowned were members of a party of fourteen Baltimoreans who were boarding for the summer at Roscroft. The party, with the exception of Mrs. Graham, went bathing at a point that is considered dangerous because of the tides. The steamer Sue came along and the undertow from the steamer caught the women and children and swept them beyond their depth. The captain of the Sue started his vessel toward the bathers but before he reached them some oystermen had rescued nine of the party. Mrs. Johnson and Edith Storm lost their lives in heroic efforts to save Mrs. Storm and Carroll Graham. Mrs. Stevens was insensible when recovered, but was resussitated.

Kemmler Executed.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—With a short, sharp shock—painless so far as the world will ever know—the soul of William Kemmler was separated from his body at 6:40 o'clock Wednesday morning. A cup adjusted to the head of a man bound captive in a strange-looking chair, a lever quickly swung around the arc of a semicircle, a quick convulsion, a sudden revival of muscular action, another turn of the lever, a pause, a room filled with sickening fumes—and twenty-seven witnesses of the first electricide in history knew that the death of Tillie Zeigler had been avenged in law and the crime of William Kemmler expiated so far as human hands could force its expiation.

Postal Cards for Ladies.

BIRMINGHAM, Conn., Aug. 8.—The postmaster general has made a call for samples of pearl gray cardboard, to be used in the manufacture of correspondence postal cards for ladies. Wilkinson Bros. & Co., have sublet the contract to the Whiting Paper company of Holyoke, Mass., and this firm will make the samples. The cards are to be one-third smaller than the regular card. The manilla cards, intended only for advertising purposes, will be one-third larger than the regular cards. These cards will be of manilla board. Wilkinson, Bros. & Co. have already furnished samples to the department, but no action has yet been taken on them.

Fatal Railway Collision.

SHERMAN, Tex., Aug. 9.—The Dallas passenger train collided with a work train here, both trains running at a high rate of speed. Fireman Clopton jumped from the work train and was injured; Engineer Blair remained at his post and was also severely hurt. He said he was to blame for the accident. The engines were demolished and baggage and passenger coaches damaged. Between the engine and tender was found the mangled form of Lee Hughes, fireman of the Dallas train. He has since died. Engineer George Blake had his head crushed and limbs broken. He can not recover. Conductor Frank Salter had a leg and arm broken.

Close of the Cantonment.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Saturday was the closing day of the cantonment of the Patriarchs militant, and was devoted to the completion of unfinished portions of the programme. Most of the visitors, however, had departed on the trip homeward. The exhibition drills, dress parade and drills of volunteer cantons made up the programme for the morning and afternoon. At 9 o'clock at night the jewel of merit and distinction was conferred on Mayor Cregier with considerable ceremony. This was followed by the awarding of prizes to the degree staffs of subordinate lodges, cantons and battalions, and the event was finally concluded with a display of fireworks.

They Hustled Off the Groom.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 9.—Miss Lucretia Craddock, of this city, is Miss Lucretia Craddock still, though she had hoped ere this to have been Mrs. Tom Meyers. The event was to have taken place Thursday night, and the feast was prepared and the bidden guests arrived on time, but the bridegroom came not. Instead he tarried, and it was 2 o'clock before they dispersed. The story is told that his friends, who opposed the match, put him on a train and paid his fare to Kansas City in order to get him away.

Distinguished Men at Bar Harbor.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 8.—Vice President Morton and family drove from Sullivan Harbor to Sorrento Thursday morning. A party of friends lunched with them at Manor inn. At 5 o'clock the Dispatch arrived at Sullivan Harbor with Secretary Tracy, Gen. Sherman, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Wilnording, and others on board. Vice President and Mrs. Morton met them at the wharf and all dined at Manor inn.

The Grant Statue at the Capital.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 9—The committee on the library Friday reported to the house with a favorable recommendation a resolution to accept a statue and pedestal of Gen. Grant from the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be erected in Statuary hall in the capitol. A similar report was made to the senate and agreed to.

Death of J. H. Wade.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Aug. 9.—J. H. Wade, the millionaire and railroad president and ex president of the Western Union Telegraph company, died here Saturday morning, at the age of 79. He had been ill but three days with inflammation of the bowels. Mr. Wade was prominent as a philanthropist and public spirited citizen.

More Trouble at Chatham.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—Further and more serious trouble has broken out among the members of the army service corps at Chatham. A number of sets of harness were hacked to pieces Monday. Three of the leaders of the mutiny have deserted.

The Grand Army Encampment.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—Thousands of veterans are arriving for the Grand Army encampment which opened Monday. President Harrison, who came on the man-of-war Baltimore, arrived Monday afternoon.

A GREAT STRIKE ON.

Practical Tie-Up of the New York Central Road.

TWELVE THOUSAND EMPLOYES OUT

The Whole System Blockaded and Passengers Left to Shift for Themselves—The New York and Chicago Limited Train Left in a Tunnel—The First Intimation of the Trouble—The Demands of the Strikers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Without a word of warning 12,000 Knights of Labor employed on the New York Central railroad between New York and Buffalo went on strike at 7 o'clock Friday evening, and the key road of the Vanderbilt system was at a standstill. Trains were abandoned at whatever point of the road had been reached at that moment, danger signals flashed their ominous red lights over every mile of the 500 on the line, passengers were left to shift for themselves, freight was left to perish or tempt robbers and the great machinery of a vast railroad was left at the mercy of the elements, thieves, and ruffians. There was one exception. The great army of strikers, strong in numbers, backed by the sympathy of thousands of their brethren, reliant on the pecuniary support of a monster organization, feared the strong arm and the wrath of the United States government. The fast mail trains were allowed to run unobstructed, manned by actual strikers.

The Signal Given.

The clogging of this great railroad involves the switchmen, primarily, the freight-handlers, trainmen, engineers, firemen, and laborers. Two cipher words, "Webster's Dictionary," flashed over the wires at 6:50 p. m., and ten minutes afterward the system was blockaded more thorougly than if an enemy had taken it during an international war. When the word was given for the great strike the pride of the Central railroad, "the New York and Chicago limited train" of vestibuled parlor cars, was thundering through the great $2,000,000 tunnel which extends from Ninety eighth street to Fifty-seventh street, almost to the entrance of the Grand Central depot. The red light of danger flashed. The train was brought to a standstill. The engineer and fireman dismounted from the cab and brakemen left their posts.

Passengers Forced to Walk.

All the employes walked over the track to the depot, and the passengers, amazed at the sudden stop, were in a panic. The conductor of the train had no intimation of the proposed strike, and for a moment could not assure the passengers of their safety. He left the train and consulted with the engineer, who explained the situation to him. The conductor then announced to the passengers the inability to this great corporation to move them the last eight blocks of their journey after carrying them safely, promptly, and with luxurious surroundings nearly 1,000 miles. The passengers left the train in confusion. Through the intricate mazes of a myriad of tracks and switches, lighted only by the glare of danger signals the passengers—men, women, and children—had to pick their way through rain and mud and all the danger and dirt of an immense railroad yard to the depot. The road was cursed and the strikers damned by every passenger.

A Labor Proclamation.

The first intimation of serious trouble was given Friday afternoon, when this proclamation was issued to all labor organizations on the Vanderbilt system:

> Brother Co-Workers of all Occupations in Railway Service—GREETING: The officers of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad are engaged in an effort to inaugurate the policy adopted by Austin Corbin on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad which means the extermination of all labor organizations among railroad employes. While they have only commenced on our organization it will be only a short period until they proceed to exterminate all other organizations.
>
> Hoping you will appreciate the situation, that this action on the part of the company means solely the annihilation of all labor organizations, and that you will see the necessity of co-operating with us to set aside this unjust action on the part of this corporation, we remain, respectfully yours,
>
> THE EXECUTIVE BOARD. D. A. 246, K. of L.

Demands of the Strikers.

Immediately after this was issued a set of demands on the Central was presented and rejected. The demands are: That the wages of all men employed by the company in any capacity working for less than $1 50 per day shall be increased to that figure, and all station agents shall receive an increase of $2 per month. That the men employed in the yard service at Troy and Green Island shall receive the same compensation as those employed in like capacity at East Albany and Schenectady. That all firemen on six-wheel connected engines shall receive 2¼ cents per mile; all engineers running six-wheel connected locomotives shall receive 4 cents per mile; all engineers running four-wheel engines shall receive 3¼ cents per mile; firemen 2 cents per mile, and all men working in any department shall receive double pay for over-time.

Police on the Ground.

At 5:30 Saturday morning details of police began to arrive at the sub-police station in the Grand Central depot and reported to Capt. McElwaine—in all 200 men. They were distributed about the yards and at the doors leading to the depot. During the night matters had been straightened out in the yards and a full force of men obtained to take the places of the striking yardmen. Third Vice President Webb was at his office all night. Not one of the strikers of the New York Central Railroad was to be seen about the company's yards or in the vicinity Friday night or Saturday morning. At night the police at the Grand Central depot were reinforced by a dozen men. These were detailed to watch the bridges as far as Fifty-ninth street. Not one of them saw a striker or anything out of the ordinary except extreme quietness. By midnight not a passenger was to be seen about. They had all gone to their various hotels. Every hotel was crowded.

Will Fight to the End.

The general superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad Saturday morning issued the following letter, which was posted conspicuously in all stations, offices, and shops of the road throughout the entire length:

"It is the intention of this company to fight the present strike to the end. All employes who remain loyal to the company will receive all necessary protection. Those who do not go to work will be considered as having left their services, and their places will be filled as rapidly as possible."

Vice President Webb said Saturday morning that about 600 men had quit work here and that the company had already engaged 200 new men. The strikers include train men and yard men. No engineers have struck. No freight is handled from this city. Live stock and perishable freight will go over the West Shore road.

Some Trains Get Off.

At 10:30 Saturday the second train over this road got off, the first one having gone at 8:30. It is said that the 8:30 train for Buffalo got stalled near High Bridge, and is still there. It was also said that all of the men in the switch towers went out Saturday morning, taking the charts of the switches with them, and that the men put in their places are experienced switchmen, but are all at sea because they do not have the charts. Already 200 of the men who went out have returned and it is estimated that between 400 and 500 only are out in this city.

SITUATION AT ALBANY.

Two Unsuccessful Attempts to Move Trains—Militia in Readiness.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 9.—From observations at the almost controling station of the Central railroad lines, it is evident that the strike of the employes is going to be one of the most stubborn and formidable of the history of the country. It is here that trouble is expected, for here are massed the best of the road's detectives and numerous Pinkerton specials. The presence of the latter serves to aggravate the case for the Knights of Labor are bitter foes of the Pinkerton secret service. The railroad authorities here are inclined to be reticent but no more so than the men themselves.

What Superintendent Bissell Says.

Wilson S. Bissell, general superintendent of the road for this section, admitted to the United Press reporter Saturday morning that the strike had assumed a most serious aspect. "No trains of any description are running and the Buffalo yard went out in the morning," said Mr. Bissell. "We have sent out the road,s ultimatum in the matter, requiring the men to go to work or else consider themselves discharged. We believe we shall be able to fill their places. I do not know when we shall be able to send out a train. You understand that our position in the matter is simply that we believe we have a right to discharge and hire as we please. We discharged certain men because they were labor agitators. We shall not yield an inch."

Futile Attempt to Run a Train.

The first attempt to send a train through was made Saturday morning and was unsuccessful. An engine with six cars loaded with perishable goods was started out of West Albany. Hardly had it gone twenty yards when the engineer was compelled to reverse his lever, the track being filled with a perfect horde of men who said not a word, but refused to move. When the train stopped the men boarded the engine, and in a few minutes there was not a man visible, the engineer and fireman having joined the strikers.

Another Failure.

At 11 o'clock an attempt was made to [illegible] in the depot yard. A posse [illegible] re present to await the com[illegible] ardmaster Foster. The strik[illegible] d the tracks and defied the [illegible] ove them?" asked the ser[illegible] er. Foster looked at the men [illegible] d then said: "I shall not [illegible] ers." [illegible] ll also seemed afraid to take [illegible] ibility, and the train did not [illegible]

The Militia Warned.

[illegible] litia have been warned to be [illegible] call. Two thousand rounds of ammunition have been distributed among four companies. Squad warrants have been issued and the men can be gotten together in an hour's time.

All the men in the car shops at West Albany—1,000 in number—have struck and the shops are closed up.

AT OTHER LOCALITIES.

How Matters Are Going on at Syracuse and Buffalo.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 9.—There had been no strike of railway employes declared in this city at 10 a. m. Saturday. There was much interest shown among the employes at both the Central and West Shore stations, but there was no interference with trains so far as this city is concerned. Nothing definite is given out here at present regarding the hand to be taken by local employes of the road. Syracuse is not looked upon as among the strongholds of the Knights of Labor in railroad work. All is quiet at Dewitt. The dairy train going east at 9 a. m. did not change crews except engines, and left for the east. Two trains from the east, the Little Falls accommodation, and No. 9 are overdue. The stock train, scheduled to leave at 7 a. m., is stalled at Dewitt, because all the pins are pulled.

At Troy, N. Y.

TROY, N.Y., Aug. 9.—The 10 a. m. train left here Saturday morning with Capt. Lloyd's company on board bound for the military encampment at Peekskill and a full complement of passengers for New York and intermediate stations. No other trains are moving east or west on the Central Hudson. Even the belt line between this city and Albany, operated jointly by the Central Hudson and Delaware and Hudson, lost its usefulness as far as the Central Hudson section was concerned.

At Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 9.—Assistant Superintendent Goold, of the western division of the Central, says that all the trains are running and that the situation is improving. Three crews on the Auburn road that went out came back and were set to work. The only men who have struck here are fifteen baggage handlers and some passenger train men. New men are being put to work in place of the strikers and all of the latter who refuse to work are being paid off and discharged.

At Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 9.—The Central strike reached Buffalo Saturday morning. At 10 o'clock the depot was full of delayed and discontented travelers. The 9 o'clock train to Niagara Falls, full of veterans and excursionists, managed to get away at 9:30. The New York limited also left, but it was delayed at East Buffalo. The Michigan Central got out a train a few minutes before 11 o'clock, and a Belt line train left about the same time.

Drank a Bottle of Turpentine.

LYONS, Ia., Aug. 9.—A little child of Mr. and Mrs. L. Bates, of this city, drank the contents of a bottle of turpentine and died.

GONE TO HIS REWARD.

Cardinal Newman Dies After a Short Illness.

PNEUMONIA THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

He Will Be Buried in the Oratorians' Private Cemetery at Rednall—He Was Ordained a Priest in 1824 and Made a Cardinal-Deacon in 1879—Some of His Prominent Works—Other Foreign Items of Interest.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—Cardinal Newman died of pneumonia Monday at Birmingham. He was taken ill on Saturday, the attack beginning with a severe chill. He passed into a comatose condition on Sunday and remained unconscious until he died. The last rites of the church were administered to him Monday morning, and during his illness prayers have been offered for him at all the churches. He will be buried in the Oratorians' private cemetery at Rednall, but the date has not yet been fixed.

Sketch of His Life.

John Henry Newman was born in London in 1801. He entered Trinity college, Oxford, in 1816, and was elected a fellow of Oriel college in 1822. At Oriel college he formed a friendship with John Keble, the poet, and with Dr. Tohately. He was ordained a priest in 1824, and became a principal of Alban Hall in 1825 and a tutor of Oriel college in 1826. In 1828 he was appointed vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, and of Littlemore. In 1833, Newman, Keble, and Pusey initiated the "Oxford movement" in favor of high church doctrines, which they advocated in a series of "Tracts for the Times." He manifested a growing tendency to Roman Catholicism in his "Aryans of the Fourth Century: Their Doctrines, Temper, and Conduct" (1833), his "Tract No. 90" (1841), and his "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine."

Joined the Roman Catholic Church.

He became a member of the Roman Catholic church in 1845, and was the principal of the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri, at Birmingham, from 1848 to 1852. He defended or explained his religious course in a work entitled "Apologia pro Vita Sua" (1864). He published a collection of poems (1868), "The Grammar of Assent" (1876), and "A Letter Addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk on the Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation" (1875). He was made a cardinal deacon in 1879.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Labor Trouble Ahead for England.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—Numerous meetings of railroad employes, which were held in London and the provincial centers Sunday, indicate that many other roads will soon become involved in the great struggle which is at present confined to the roads of the Welsh system. This prospect has cheered the strikers in Wales and inspired them with hope for a successful issue to their troubles

Deaths from Cholera.

MADRID, Aug. 12.—There were nine new cases of cholera and seven deaths from the disease at Villajoyosa Monday, six new cases and one death at Llerena, and two new cases and seven deaths at Arges. There is a slight decrease in the number of new cases and deaths in Valencia. Since the first outbreak there have been 1,600 cases there, 788 of which proved fatal.

Strike on an Irish Railway.

DUBLIN, Aug. 12.—In consequence of the discharge of a number of workmen who belonged to the Employes' union, some of the men on the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford railroad have gone on strike, but the service on the road is not impeded.

Rejoicing at Buenos Ayres.

BUENOS AYRES, Aug. 12.—Sixty thousand persons attended the mass meetings held here to rejoice over the fall of President Celman. Gen. Mitre was cheered as the future candidate for the presidency. The meetings were orderly.

A FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION.

Two Men Killed and Another Fatally Injured at Joliet.

JOLIET, Ills., Aug. 12.—A terrific explosion, with fatal results, occurred at the Illinois Steel works at 2 o'clock Thursday morning. Blast furnace No. 2 sprung a leak and the molten metal ran out and down into the canal, generating steam which caused the explosion. The metal was blown in all directions, tearing off the top of the furnace and the roof of the building. John Novak and Oscar Sobwski, employes, were blown out of existence and their remains have not yet been found. Peter Schrier was so horribly burned and cooked that he lived but half an hour. Tim McCarthy was burned about the head and back and will die. Several other employes received slight burns.

Found Plenty of Victims.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Aug. 12.—T. H. O'Brien, Michigan agent of the National Building and Loan association, of Minneapolis, mysteriously departed a week ago and is still absent. Monday the Valley City Printing and Engraving company levied on his office furniture to secure claims amounting to $775. The first attachment was quickly followed by three others, amounting to $1,377, all for note indorsements. O'Brien came here about a year ago, fitted up offices in the most luxurious manner, lived high and found easy victims in the officers and directors of the local branch of the association, who freely backed his paper.

The Fight Declared Off.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12.—In an interview Mr. C. F. Crocker stated that the fight contemplated by the Canadian Pacific against the Pacific Mail and the Occidental and Oriental lines has been declared off. A peace agreement will be signed in a day or two and will continue until May, 1891. The Canadian line is prohibited from handling any freight to and from the northern state line of California and the other two companies from handling any business in the ports outside of California.

The Chatsworth Survivors.

PEORIA, Ills., Aug. 12.—The Chatsworth wreck survivors held their annual meeting Monday at Berkett's grove. The attendance is diminishing every meeting, and public sentiment is strongly against perpetuating remembrance of that awful period. Short speeches were made by several persons. It is not thought that another meeting will be held.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Turkish atrocities continue so marked in Armenia that it is said England could not interfere to prevent, should the czar send troops into that country.

Azores newspapers demanding the independence of the Azores islands and appealing to America have been presented in the Portuguese courts.

Indians that live along the line of the Umatilla river, Ore., complain of fishermen who catch hundreds of trout and carry away only enough for a meal; the rest are left to rot on the banks.

The porter of a train was arrested at Pendleton, Ore., the other day for robbing a Chinese passenger of $250.

A Harlem bride received among her wedding presents a receipted gas bill of $17 from her father.

The Lincoln cracker factory of Lincoln, Neb., has joined the cracker trust, and has assigned its insurance policies to the American Biscuit Manufacturing company.

H. L. Ward, son of a wealthy banker in Barbour county, W. Va., was arrested Saturday night charged with forging the names of his father and brother-in-law to checks amounting to $1,700.

A genuine Russian prince named Warchofsky has been discovered in a barber shop in Bridgeport. The exile is the son of a nobleman who was sent to Siberia for being implicated in one of the attempts to assassinate the czar.

Mrs. Joseph Simons, of St. Louis, is lying at the city hospital in a dying condition, supposedly caused by wounds inflicted by her husband while maddened by whisky. Simons is in jail.

William Styles, Oscar Lundberg, and J. Ralph were summoned to appear in court at Ironwood and explain why they have refused to pay their poll tax. The men are well-to-do citizens and deny the state's right to levy such a tax, and declare they will make a test case.

Supervisor of Census Condon reports the population of Utah at 223,569, an increase over 1880 of 89,226.

Relief is greatly needed in those districts of Iceland where the potato disease prevailed.

A Henderson county (Ky.) widow whose husband died a short time ago leaving debts amounting to $4,000, which had either been outlawed or liquidated under the bankruptcy law, mortgaged her farm for the amount and then paid off the debts.

Chris Toysson of Ashland, Wis., a workman on the Wisconsin Central ore-docks, fell into an ore chute Saturday and was buried in soft ore. When pulled out he was fatally injured.

John McCloud, a young merchant of Bayfield, Wis., was run down by a tug while out sailing on the bay Saturday and was drowned.

A bitter contest has been begun in the Helena, Mont., courts over the estate of $10,000,000 left by the late A. J. Davis.

Collision on the Rail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 11.—A collision occurred at Railroad mills on the Central road near Pittsford at 12 o'clock Monday between an eastbound freight and a light engine and caboose going west. It is reported that both engineers are killed and that one fireman had both legs cut off. Engineer Jesse E. Dancy of Birth was the engineer on the eastbound freight.

Governor Warren Very Ill.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—A special to The World from Cheyenne, W. T., says Governor Warren is lying dangerously ill with congestion of the brain. His sickness seriously upsets political calculations in his party. He was to have been placed at the head of the ticket to be nominated here.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.

On the board of trade to-day quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 August, opened —, closed 98¼c; September, opened 99-99¼c, closed 99⅝c; December, opened $1,03¼, closed $1.03. Corn—No. 2 August, opened 50¼c, closed 50¼c; September, opened 51c, closed 50⅝c; May, opened 53c, closed 54⅝c. Oats—No. 2 August, opened 40⅛c, closed 39⅝c; September, opened 40c, closed 39⅝c; May, opened 43c, closed 42⅝c. Pork—August, opened $11.25, closed $10.95; September, opened and closed $11.20; January, opened $12.95, closed $12.80. Lard—September, opened and closed $6.30.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices: Hogs—Market opened active for good at 5c advance, common and poor lots slow; light grades, $3.15@4. 0; rough packing, $3.30@3.50; mixed lots, $3.50@3.90; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.60@4.00.

Cattle—Best corn-fed cattle firmer; common dull; beeves $3.20@4.80; cows, $1.00@2.85; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.10; Texans, $2.10@3.10. Sheep—Market steady; natives, $4.00@4.60; westerns, $3.85@4.75; lambs, $5.00@5.75.

Produce: Butter—Fancy separator, 19½@20c per ℔; fine gathered cream, 15@16; fine to good imitations, 10@12c; daries, finest fresh, 13@14c; fresh packing stocks, 6@7c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@13c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, hens, 8½@9c per lb; spring chickens, 10c; roosters, 5@5½; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c; ducks, 8@9c; spring ducks, 10@11c; geese, $4@5 per doz. Potatoes—Early Ohio, $2.75@3.00 per bbl; New Jersey Rose, $3.50@3.75. Apples—New Illinois green, $1.25@3.50 per bbl. Berries Huckleberries—50@75c per box; $1.50 per 16-qt case. Blackberries—Michigan, $1.00@1.50 per 16-qt case.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5@6c per lb; whisk brush, 5@6c; green, self-working, 4@5c; inside and covers, 3@4c; common brush, 3@3½c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, $1.05¼ cash; do August, $1.02⅝; do September, $1.03. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 57¼c; do September, 58c; do October, 57⅝c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed cash, 44¼c; do September, 44c; do October, 44c. Rye—Dull. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $13.00@14.00. Lard—Steady; cash, $6.35; September, $6.42.

Live Stock: Cattle—Trade active at an advance of 20c ℘ 100 ℔s; poorest to best native steers, $4.00@5.00 ℘ 100 ℔s; Texans and Colorados, $3.00@3.90; bulls and dry cows, $1.25@2.75. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep firm and ½c ℘ ℔ higher; lambs active at an advance of ½c ℘ ℔. Hogs—Nominally higher; live hogs, $4.10@4.50 ℘ 100 ℔s.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Aug. 11.

Wheat—Higher and easy; cash and August, 98¾c; September, 99¾c; December, $1.02¾c. Corn—Dull; cash and August, 54c; September, 51c. Oats—Quiet; cash, 35c. Clover seed—Higher and firm; October and November, $5.00; December, $5.10.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 11.

Wheat—Firm; No. 2 spring on track cash, 96c; September, 95¼c; No. 1 northern, $1.02. Corn—Firm; No. 3 on track, 51c. Oats—Higher; No. 2 white on track cash, 41c. Rye—Firm; No. 1 in store, 61c. Barley—Firm; No. 2 in store, 69c.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 11.

Wheat—Higher; cash, 96⅝c; September, 98¼c; December, $1.01¾. Corn—Higher; cash, 49½c; September, 48¾c; October, 50c. Oats—Higher; cash and August, 39c; September, 39¾c. Pork—Firm; standard, $11.00@11.25. Lard—Firm; butchers' steam, $5.87½. Whisky—Steady; $1.13.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 16, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry E. Dixey.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—M. B. Curtis in "The Shatchen."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Charity Ball."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Halstead street near Madison. — Howard & "Fabio Romano."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM,
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA,
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

DEATH OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

John Boyle O'Reilly is dead. The words that convey the mournful intelligence are few and simple, but they mean a great deal to the people of two nations. Ireland mourns O'Reilly as a patriot—America as a citizen and a genius. Cut down in the very prime and promise of his years, he leaves behind him a name which is the synonym of manly devotion, and of personal honor. It is, indeed, difficult to realize that so much worth, manliness, truth, purity and patriotism, as were combined in this noble Irishman's person are laid low with him in the "cold obstruction" of his untimely grave. A light has gone out from among us—a really great man of our race, which can hardly afford such loss in this generation of comparatively small production, has passed away. John Boyle O'Reilly belonged not alone to Ireland and to America—he also belonged to the world. The broadness of his views and the generosity of his heart comprehended every race and every land that bears the yoke of oppression. No man ever born beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill was a more ardent advocate of the liberty of white and black alike than he. In verse, as in prose, he embalmed the devotion of the negro race to the principles of American government, and they will cover with garlands the tomb of him who, like Wendell Phillips, was a friend without a selfish motive behind that friendship.

But how shall Irishmen do justice to his memory? He dared death for Ireland in the springtide of his life, and he suffered long and lonely exile for her cause. A rebel of the rebels, there was no trace in him of race, religious or class animosity. He loved all mankind, except that portion of it which sought to oppress man by the force of man. This he would not tolerate. Mr. O'Reilly was a military enthusiast. He hardly cared, much as he loved liberty, what cause soldiers fought for so long as they fought bravely. He wore himself the uniform of the Queen of England in his earlier years, but he wore it for a purpose, as will be seen. In his "Poems of the Southern Seas" he celebrates the glories of the cavalry branch of the British service in the Iberian Peninsula—a glory which, unfortunately for our race, the nervous arms of Irish soldiers in the Saxon pay did so much to establish.

Mr. O'Reilly's undoubted genius conquered even the pride and prejudice of the fashionable and exclusive circles of Boston society. In fact it might be said of him, as Byron said of Moore, he was, in Boston, as outside of it, the poet of all circles and the idol of his own. Americans honored him by inviting him to deliver odes at their chiefest patriotic ceremonies.

As a prose writer Mr. O'Reilly, although ever agreeable, was not so facile as he was in the realms of poesy. His style was graceful, but was wanting in the rugged force of many writers of inferior gifts. While a man of strong convictions, his latter day writings on Irish subjects lacked strength of expression. His pinions seemed to be crippled, and his worship of Gladstone's methods was in striking contrast with the bold theories of his gallant youth. In fact O'Reilly, who had been a practical revolutionist, shared with too many of his race that feeling of depression which, in some natures, results from constant defeats. With O'Reilly it was more a feeling of disgust than of depression. He never could get over the unpardonable fiasco made by Gen. John O'Neill during the second Fenian raid on Canada—that of 1870—than which a more senseless, and headless, expedition was never organized anywhere upon the earth. O'Reilly did all that man could do upon that lamentable occasion. He very justly regarded the unfortunate O'Neill as a military lunatic, and came to the conclusion that the Irish, whether at home or abroad, without a strong government behind them, or in sympathy with them, could never effect anything worth speaking of against the naval and military power of the British Empire.

His latest noticeable writings in the Boston *Pilot*, of which he was part proprietor and chief editor, were devoted to a patriotic upholding of the American government's attitude on the Behring Sea fisheries question. He favored a vigorous policy, and believed that war with England would be a lesser evil than tame submission to the bullying attitude of the British prime minister.

The principol epochs in John Boyle O'Reilly's honorable career are contained in the following statistical sketch of his life:

The 28th of June, 1844, John Boyle O'Reilly was born at Dowth Castle, county Meath, Ireland. His father, William David O'Reilly, was a distinguished mathematician and scholar and was for thirty-five years master of the Netterville Institution, Dowth Castle, a British charitable institution, and his mother, Eliza Boyle, was a lady of fine literary attainments and a near relative of Col. John Allen, the patriot soldier of 1798. It was but natural, then, that the son should re-exhibit the talents of these parents, and the passionate patriotism of his mother has found an echo in many of his verses, while her memory has been perpetuated by some of the sweetest poems that have come from John Boyle O'Reilly's pen. She died while he was in prison.

It was in this way young O'Reilly found himself imprisoned on the charge of treasonable action to the English government. In 1863, when the revolutionary movement began in Ireland, he was a compositor on a leading English newspaper. In May of that year he returned to Ireland and was enlisted in the Tenth Prince of Wales' Own Hussars, the crack cavalry regiment of the army, his intention being to spread republican principles among the soldiers of his own and other regiments. He did his work so thoroughly that at the end of three years he was arrested for high treason, the government having discovered the insurrectionary movement by informers. His trial began on the 27th of June, 1866, and he was found guilty on five capital charges. At first he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, which sentence was afterward commuted to twenty years penal servitude. The remainder of the year 1866 and the greater part of the ensuing year were spent in various convict prisons in England working in chain gangs.

In November, 1867, he was sent to the penal colony of West Australia in a convict ship crowded with 340 criminals. During the voyage Mr. O'Reilly, in connection with one of his fellow exiles, published a weekly paper entitled the *Wild Goose* for the relief of the monotony of the voyage, seven numbers of which were published before the arrival of the vessel at her destination, Jan. 10, 1868. Here he was placed at work with the road parties in the colony, and was subject to the vicissitudes of convict life until the 18th of February, 1869, when he made his escape.

In an open boat he put out to sea. It was a small, poor craft patched up with bark and the food that was to feed its occupant had to be towed behind in the water. The vessel that he hoped to board passed him by, and so he returned to shore, only to start forth again the next day, and this time gained access to the decks of the Gazelle, commanded by Captain David B. Gifford, of New Bedford. Capt. Gifford loaned O'Reilly twenty guineas (all the money he had with him) when they parted off the Cape of Good Hope and put him then on board another American ship, the Sapphire of Boston, bound for Liverpool. Avoiding discovery there, the escaped prisoner shipped as an American sailor on the ship Bombay of Bath, Me., and on the 18th of November, 1869, after nearly a year upon the water, landed at Philadelphia.

He was then 25 years of age, totally ignorant of this country, without a single acquaintance here, but yet possessed with that buoyant disposition and manly self-reliance that could and did quickly push him to success and to prominence. The very day of his landing in Philadelphia he applied for American citizenship. After a brief stay in that city and in New York he came to Boston Jan. 2, 1870, and for a few months obtained a livelihood by working in a steamship office. In May, however the second Fenian raid on Canada occurred, and O'Reilly at once went to the scene as the correspondent of the Boston *Pilot*, barely escaping being taken prisoner by the British forces. He was in command of the Irish forces for a short time after O'Neill was taken prisoner.

Returning to Boston Mr. O'Reilly soon became the editor of the *Pilot*. Very soon poems, glowing with romantic color and throbbing with realistic life, called the attention of the literary world to this young author. He became a contributor to the *Galaxy*, *Scribner*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Harper's*. His frank, earnest personality secured the friendship of Wendell Phillips, John G. Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, and other stanch Americans.

His countrymen have seemed to put more faith in him than in any one else. Not alone for his poetry, but for his unselfishness and generous consideration for the interests of others. In 1876 Mr. O'Reilly, already editor of the *Pilot*, became its proprietor with Archbishop Williams. His books were brought out after 1873, the first being "Songs of the Southern Seas," the second "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," the third "Statues in the Block," and the fourth "In Bohemia." His novel, based on Australian experiences, was entitled "Moondyne." Among his noted orations was that on "The Common Citizen-Soldier," delivered in Boston Memorial-Day, 1886.

Mr. O'Reilly was one of the founders and was President of the Papyrus Club, besides being a member of the St. Botolph, the Round Table, and other literary organizations. In 1873 he married Miss Mary Murphy of Charlestown, of whom he wrote in the dedication of his "Songs, Legends, and Ballads:" "Her rare and loving judgment has been a standard I have tried to reach."

His first book was dedicated to the Captain who rescued him from Australia, but the volume came too late to meet the eye of the kindhearted old Yankee skipper.

The cause of Mr. O'Reilly's death was something in the nature of heart failure or apoplexy. He was a devoted athlete, and, judged by external appearance, bade fair to live far into the next century. He was called almost without notice, at his summer home Cohasset, Mass., at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. His wife found him in his room smoking. He complained of feeling very sleepy, and lay down upon a sofa. His breathing soon became stertorous, which alarmed Mrs. O'Reilly and she sent at once for a physician. When the latter arrived, he found Mr. O'Reilly unconscious—a condition from which he never rallied. He leaves, besides his widow, several children to mourn an irreparable loss, and thousands of friends who will ever fondly cherish his noble and manly memory. May the grass grow green, as the shamrock of his love, above the stainless breast of John Boyle O'Reilly.

BLANTON DUNCAN'S THEORIES.

Major Blanton Duncan, of Louisville, Ky., a gentleman hitherto distinguished in the world of politics, has stepped into the arena of prophecy; not indeed as a prophet, or the son of a prophet, but as an elucidator of the foretellings of the wise men of old. Major Duncan will have it that the consummation of the world is not very far off, and, in support of his assertion, he has hurled an alarming battalion of what he calls facts at the editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*, who took the liberty of mildly doubting some of Major Duncan's assertions. The Major, in replying to the *Post*, takes occasion to remark:

"LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 29.—A friend has forwarded to me an article from your issue of July 16, representing that 'Blanton Duncan, a gentleman in Louisville, insists that the end of the world is at hand.' It cannot be helped that men without brains or responsibility should utter such statements, totally without foundation; but when a responsible editor and man of sense catches up something floating around and places it in his columns without further investigation the case is deplorable. I take it for granted that you have never seen one of the many letters and books that I have written on these subjects alluded to by you, or my views would not have been again so totally misrepresented, as they have been a thousand times before by others who did not know what they were discussing. I therefore say that I never uttered such rubbish as you have stated I 'insist' upon. But I have repeatedly written since 1872:

"1. That the end of the age was near at hand—the aion, in Greek, referred to by the scriptures.

"2. I have continuously written and proved to my own satisfaction from the prophecies that the present decade would witness the great foretold calamities, which would go on to about 1906; and the final greatest destruction would occur for six and a half years thereafter, terminating with the second advent in 1913-14

"3. For years previous to and during the past decade I wrote that the physical phenomena would be signal during the conjunction of the four great planets; a duration approximately of five years. And that the foretold signs and warnings would be given to indicate to the 'wise,' as stated by Daniel, what these forerunners meant. Those who have read my arguments and remember them can testify as to how exactly my statements have been verified.

"4. Assuming that the latter version of Revelations xvi. indicated what would come in this decade I continued to write that the warnings would become more frequent and greater in violence; and that they would include earthquakes, cyclones, lightning, hail of vast size, as well as the pestilences and wars of universal character, which would sweep away the masses of mankind.

"5. The earthquakes have not assumed great proportions yet. They will came at the appointed times until they culminate in the final disaster, of which the description says that there had been nothing like it since the creation of the world.

"6. The cyclones for the past four months in the United States alone have nearly averaged one per day, with instant destruction, and the evidences of how puny man's edifices are as mere egg shells before omnipotence.

"7. The lightning has become actively destructive not only of vast amounts of property, but I think over one thousand lives have been lost in the United States during the past four months through this agency. Fifty years ago it was a startling phenomenon when a journal recorded the death of a human being in that manner. As if to teach the congregation possibly that they are not practicing what is preached and that lip service prevails, the churches are beginning to be the scenes of destruction, with numerous instantaneous deaths.

"8. Hail in terrible devastation is appearing in thousands of localities, the ice being larger than a fist, and in one case in central Kentucky eight inches long and four inches thick going like cannon balls through roofs of houses. This method was one of the plagues sent upon Egypt, as the Bible will teach you, destroying in Pharaoh's time, through the agency of Moses, man and beast and the crops, and recorded as up to that period exceeding anything the world had witnessed. St. John says the final hailstorms will bring blocks of ice down of the weight of a talent each—fifty-six pounds. Nothing earthly could resist that.

"9. The 'thunders' have not been heard yet, but they will destroy as many lives from panic and horror as any other agencies.

And so on, through several other paragraphs, more or less bristling with actual or anticipated horrors. Major Duncan forgets, however, that there have been "signs in the heavens and on the earth" almost since the prophecies he quotes were uttered quite as portentous as those which we observe today. Wars have been universal, or nearly so, in almost every generation since the world has grown populous. Meteors have fallen, earthquakes have occurred, cyclones have swept vast areas as with the besom of destruction, burning mountains have burst their bounds and buried cities beneath the produce of their sulphurous vomitings, the plague has devastated Asia and Europe repeatedly—doing more destruction among human beings in a single month than war, with all its horrors, could do in a decade; and yet the world has not come to an end.

In regard to the tornadoes, more frequently called cyclones, Major Duncan is undoubtedly correct. They have become uncomfortably frequent in nearly all parts of America, but is there not a plainly evident cause for their number and destruction? Have not leading American scientists, such as Prof. Swift, of Rochester, N.Y., advanced the theory that the multiplicity of steel rails and electric wire systems in this country, by drawing electrical forces nearer to the earth, is chiefly responsible for the disasters of which he complains, and which he summons in evidence of the earth's probable destruction? The deaths by lightning can be explained on the same basis. Human beings cannot subject a great force of nature without paying the penalty. Tornadoes are very largely of electrical origin, as any one who has witnessed one can testify. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that as steel rails and electric wires continue to increase, tornadoes and visitations of hailstones will increase in proportion. But civilization will not, therefore, halt in its march, any more than a brave army would halt because some canonballs plowed through its ranks while advancing to capture a hostile position. Science is responsible for the accumulation of tornadoes. Cannot science find some means of checking their destructiveness? If Major Duncan, or some other translator of the prophecies, can do aught to stay the destroyer, he will do more service to the human race than has fallen to the lot of many mortals.

THE HON. M. F. WILHERE, National Delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, will address a public reunion of the Ancient Order of Hibernians on the "Principles of the Order," at Fitzgerald's Hall on Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2 o'clock. Other prominent speakers will attend. All patriotic Irishmen are earnestly invited to be present.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S OBSEQUIES.

Shortly after 10 o'clock on Aug. 13 a procession of white-robed Oratorian Fathers entered the sanctuary where the late cardinal was lying in state, and advanced slowly to the chancel. Every seat in the church was taken, and as the procession moved in every head was lowered in prayer. In front walked two priests bearing lighted candles, and behind them came the Fathers, two by two, while three priests in robes of state came last, Two by two as they passed the catafalque the Fathers turned reverently and bowed low. The priests only lifted their berettas and passed into the inner chancel. Two acolytes knelt motionless at the foot of the catafalque, around which four monster candles stood like sentinels. Then the organ and choir burst forth with the "Kyrie Eleison," while prayers and incense rose.

Most impressive were the moments which followed the reading of the psalms. One of the youngest of the order brought a yellow candle to each of his brother priests, who held these lights during the Elevation of the Host. As the bell rang not a sound broke the stillness save the stifled breathing of men and women, many of whom were moved to tears. One devout worshipper became almost hysterical.

The ceremony reached its climax of interest when the Fathers, leaving the altar, formed a solemn circle around the aged and withered body. At the head stood a priest bearing a crucifix, with a Father at his right and left holding massive gilded candlesticks. On either side of the catafalque others were ranged, each with a lighted candle; while at the foot was the officiating Father, William Neville, the last person to whom the dying Cardinal spoke. The music now had died away, and there was a hush, only broken by the regular click of the censor, from which clouds of incense sent out a suffocating fragrance, when Father Neville, very pale, with an attendant on either side supporting the skirts of his heavily embroidered vestments, moved slowly round the catafalque, sprinkling it with holy water.

As he went a second time in the same way he described a circle, swinging incense first over the richly slippered feet and then above the head. Finally, the Fathers, having in unison repeated solemn prayers, turned away and, chanting, moved down the aisles and out of the sanctuary, leaving the crowds to push forward with respectful curiosity for a farewell look at the departed prelate.

At the burial next Tuesday the sermon will be preached by Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton. Cardinal Manning has written to say he regrets deeply that his feeble health will prevent him being present on that occasion.

The body of the dead Cardinal was placed in a coffin and removed to the chapel of St. Philip Neri, where it will remain until Monday. Mgr. Stonor will represent the Pope at the funeral.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Events of Interest to the Church in Rome, Ireland, and Elsewhere.

Confirmations—Clerical Changes—Health of the Holy Father—A Curious Gift.

FROM IRELAND.

ADMINISTERED CONFIRMATION.

The Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, bishop of Kerry, having brought the mission at Newtowndillon to a successful termination, returned last week to Listowel and administered confirmation to 455 children of the parish. His Lordship was attended by the Very Rev. Canon Davis, P.P., V.F.; Fathers McGillicuddy, Barton and O'Sullivan (chaplain to his Lordship).

A MEMORIAL TABLET.

There is on exhibition in the establishment of Mr. Coats, No 26 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, an interesting memorial of a distinguished Irishman who recently passed away, Rev. C. P. Meehan. It is a mural tablet of white and black for erection in the Church of SS. Michael and John, with which Father Meehan was so long associated. It is an excellent work of art, and bears the following inscription: "In memory of the Rev. Charles Patrick Meehan, C.C., of this church, priest, patriot and scholar, author of 'The Flight of the Earls,' 'Franciscan Monasteries,' and other highly prized works, who, during a long and laborious life, devoted the intervals of leisure left him by his zealous labors in the composition of works illustrative of the history of his country and of her constancy to the faith in the days of persecution. Born July 12, 1812; died March 14, 1890. Requiescat in pace."

ST. MICHAEL'S SEMINARY.

A meeting of the parishioners of Ballinasloe was held at the instance of the Most Rev. Dr. Healy. The Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, who presided, handed in a check for £81 10s 6d, his contribution for the year towards St. Michael's Seminary. On motion of Mr. Byrne, seconded by Mr. Goode, a vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. Duggan for his munificent gift. The Most Rev. Dr. Healy having put before the meeting the necessity of erecting a parochial house where the bishop and four priests could reside, it was decided unanimously that the erection of the house should commence as soon as possible on a site purchased some time since by Dr. Duggan. The expense will be £2,000, of which £1,500 will be got from the board of public works, and £500 from the parish.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

The following clerical changes have lately been made in the diocese of Elphin by the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly: Father Kelly, Castletown, to the College, Sligo; Father Martin, Lissacul, to Castletown; Father John Monaghan, Grange, to Lissacul; Father Michael Monaghan, Four Roads, to Grange; Father Thomas Gordon, Athlone, to Caltra; Father Flanagan, Caltra, to Four Roads; Father Cummins, lately ordained, to Castlerea; Father Hanley, lately ordained, to Athlone; Father Filan, lately ordained, to Rooskey.

IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The Irish Christian Brothers have been holding their annual chapter at the O'Brien Institute, Marino, Clontarf, under the presidency of the general of the order in Ireland, Brother Maxwell. Brother Burke, the head of the Christian Schools, Peacock lane, Cork, was unanimously elected to the important position of head of the consulters who form the council of the superior general of the order in Ireland and the colonies. Brother Burke has been nearly forty years connected with the community at Our Lady's Mount, Cork.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rev. Patrick Bolger, C.C., has been transferred from Carragh to Edenderry.

There are 1,500 members of the local branch of the League of the Cross in Tullow, county Clare.

The Fathers of the Society of Jeses are giving a parochial retreat in Portumna and a mission in Eyrecourt, county Galway.

At the Presentation Convent, Mitchelstown, the reception of Miss Katherine Delaney, daughter of Mr. M. Delaney, of Queenstown, recently took place. The Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, P.P., V.G., officiated.

Two vocal and instrumental concerts were lately given in Urlingford, county Kilkenny, to provide funds for repairing the chapel, which, since the advent of the Rev Father Roe, C.C., to the parish, has been much improved. Miss Donegan, R.I.A.M., conducted.

The Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, bishop of Ross, on the occasion of his return from Rome, was accorded by the Catholics of Skibbereen and other parishes a magnificent demonstration of welcome, accompanied by a valuable presentation.

A sketch of the life of Father Mathew has been written by the Rev. J. Nolan, C.C., Larne, at the request of the Larne centenary committee, who are co-operating in the national commemoration of the centenary of the great temperance reformer.

Messrs. Guy & Co., of Cork, have published a pamphlet containing the "Annals of the Church of St. Anne, Shandon, Cork," compiled by Messrs. E. and J. Moore, M.R.S.A. There are two well executed illustrations, one of the quaint old structure itself, and another a portrait of Father Prout (Rev. Francis Mahony), who wrote the well known lyric entitled "The Bells of Shandon."

On July 20, at the Cathedral, Sligo, the annual sermon in aid of the funds of the local conference of the St Vincent de Paul Society, was preached by Rev. J. J. Clancy, professor, Maynooth College. The conference is under the efficient management of the president, Mr. Patrick Keighron, J.P., and the secretary, Dr. Whyte, and has done great service in the cause of charity.

The Church of the Holy Cross, Attical, near Kilkeel, will be solemnly dedicated on Sept. 14 The dedication sermon will be preached by the primate, Most. Rev. Dr. Logue. The celebrant of the high mass will be the Very Rev. James Crickard, P.P., V.F., Loughinisland.

On the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel there was a solemn profession of a nun at the convent, Macroom. The young lady who was professed is a daughter of of Mr. John Hill, Tulligee, Clonakilty, her name in religion being Sister Mary Peter. The Very Rev. P. P. Hill, P. P., V.F., Rosscarbery, officiated on the occasion, and received her vows by the authority of the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne.

FROM ROME.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

We are happy to be able to announce that the health of the Holy Father continues to be excellent, and he enjoys the most excellent spirits. He now spends the greater portion of the day in the spacious Vatican gardens, returning to his private apartments at night or when it is necessary to give a special audience to some individual of importance whom the strict rules of the court etiquette forbid to be gainsayed. His Holiness has been much amused at the absurd and ridiculous constructions, conclusions and rumors which his supposed drive outside the walls of the Vatican has given rise to, of which we gave a sufficiently detailed account in this letter last week.

A CURIOUS GIFT.

The Very Rev. Father John Baptist, of Castrogiovanni, a Capuchin missionary of Diarbekir, in Mesopotamia, has sent a most interesting gift to the Borgian Museum of the Propaganda, by means of the Very Rev. Father Anthony da Breschio, secretary general of the Capuchin missions. This wonderful gift consists in a sample of lichen globules, with which the ground appeared covered one fine day after a heavy hail storm, which fell in great abundance during a terrific hurricane, that uprooted the trees and created a panic among the inhabitants in that district last May, such was the havoc it wrought. After the hailstones had melted the Khurds of the district discovered the ground next morning covered with these extraordinary globules, and, having experimented and found them edible, they dubbed them

"CELESTIAL WHEAT."

Had they been Jews or Christians, no doubt in their native simplicity they would have thought that another lot of manna had come upon the earth. The above named missionary has made a kind of flour from these fungi or lichens, and even bread, of which he has also forwarded a sample. Some of the older inhabitants of the same region remember to have witnessed a similar phenomenon some fifty years ago. The most remarkable thing is that nothing apparently belonging even to the same genus or species is to be found anywhere in those regions. As yet there is much diversity of opinion as to what can have given rise to them. They are being placed under a scientific examination by the propaganda to define what kind of substance they can possibly consist of.—*Roman Correspondence Liverpool Catholic Times.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The members of the Holy Angels' church hold a picnic today (Saturday) at Washington Park.

The Rev. Father Gillen of St. Mary's Church, is spending a few week's vacation on the Pacific coast.

The Young Men's Catholic Union have organized a labor bureau to aid in securing employment for members needing it.

The Rev. Father Hogan, who has been a member of the faculty of St. Ignatius College for several years, has been transferred to the St. Louis University.

MONEY FOR IRELAND.

Local Parnell Branch Sends $150 in Response to an Appeal for Aid.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American, Aug. 4.*]

The Parnell branch of the Irish National League of America held its regular meeting yesterday afternoon. The meeting was well attended. The following circular letter from the national secretary of the league was read:

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA, OFFICES OF THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY. LINCOLN, NEB., July 30, 1890.—*To the Officers and Members of the Irish National League of America:* Since the publication of Mr. Parnell's letter relative to the convention, advices have been received from the Irish leaders depicting the urgent necessity for the immediate transmission of all available funds in America to the home organization. In view of this severe crisis, and in order that no friend of Ireland can be excusable for neglect in rendering such assistance as his means will afford, all branches of the league, affiliating organizations and individuals in sympathy therewith are hereby authorized to forward their funds direct to the office of the league in Dublin, Ireland. The address of the treasurer of the league in Ireland is Dr. Joseph E. Kenny, M. P., 43 Upper O'Connell street, Dublin.

JOHN FITZGERALD, President.
JOHN P. SUTTON, Secretary.
CHARLES O'REILLY, Treasurer.

The branch instructed is treasurer, B. McCabe, to forward at once $150 to the national treasurer of the league in Ireland, Dr. Joseph E. Kenny, Dublin, for the Irish cause. A vote of thanks was passed by the branch to the following ladies, who assisted at the refreshment stands at the picnic June 11: Misses Katie Mogan, Rose Johnson, Mollie Mogan, Mary Ward, Nellie Martin, Sadie Branion, Marie Dowd, Mary Maher and others who assisted.

Matrimonial.

On Saturday, Aug. 9, at St. Patrick's church, by the Rev. Father Galligan, this city, were married Mr. Michael Malley, No. 249 Breckenridge street, Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Lizzie Maloney, of Chicago. The handsome and beautifully dressed bride was attended by Miss Mollie Garvey, and Mr. M. Bolton performed the office of groomsman. The happy pair have the congratulations of their numerous friends who were interested witnesses of the ceremony and who afterwards enjoyed themselves heartily at the hospitable wedding feast.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

A SELF-ACCUSED MURDERER

At Bolton County Sessions, England, a traveling Irish haymaker, giving the name of Benjamin T. Morris, was charged on his own confession with the murder of a land agent at New Ross, county Wexford, Ireland, on Aug. 23, 1882. The prisoner, who gave himself into custody, told a most circumstantial story of an agrarian crime on the Waterford road, six miles from New Ross, and committed the statement to writing. He says that he shot from behind a hedge John Boyd, son of the land agent, in mistake for the father, who had got prisoner's father discharged from his employment. The prisoner was remanded for inquiries. The Press Association's New Ross correspondent telegraphs, with reference to the confession of Benjamin Morris that he murdered a land agent at New Ross eight years ago, nothing is known there of such an occurrence at the date named, but on Aug. 8, 1880, Mr. Charles D. Boyd, law student, and son of a solicitor and land agent, was shot dead near his own house by a party of masked and armed men. Mr. Boyd, senior, and Mr. J. T. Evans Boyd, the eldest son, were wounded on the same occasion. It was generally believed the murderers were strangers to the locality. Two tenants of Mr. Boyd, named Whelan, were tried four times but were acquitted of the charge. Nothing is known of Benjamin Morris, and it is believed he must be a stranger to New Ross. The murder took place about two miles from the town.

"LABOR WORLD"

The list of first subscribers to the company formed to carry on the new labor paper, the *Labor World*, includes, in addition to the name of the founder, Mr. Michael Davitt, those also of Mr. William Saunders and Mr. Burleigh, both of them old journalistic hands.

DROWNED.

Corporal Taylor, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was drowned while bathing in the Shannon, near Athlone, recently.

CONFESSION OF MURDER.

A confession of murder made by Michael Doyle at Gosport, that he had shot a man named O'Brien, at Kilcullan, county Kildare, turns out to be unfounded, no such murder having taken place.

EVICTIONS.

Evictions took place recently on the Coolroe estate of Mr. James E. Byrne. The houses were barricaded, but the persons were found within them. A crowd assembled and attacked the bailiffs, and four arrests were made.

FISHING SMACK SUNK.

A fishing-boat, the Sarah, of Howth, was run into about five miles off the Skerries by the trawler Primrose, of Ringsend. The fishing smack sunk in a few minutes, and three of the crew, including the owner, James Caulfield, were drowned. A boy named W. Power was picked up by the Primrose while clinging to the keel of the Sarah's punt, and taken on board the Primrose and brought to Kingstown. The three men drowned were James Daly, of Ringsend (skipper), J. Andrews and J. Caulfield, owner.

A PAUPER AND MATRIMONY.

At the last meeting of the Kilkenny Board of Guardians, the following application was made.

Judy Mulrooney, an inmate of the house, appeared before the board and applied for some bed clothes, as she was going out of the house.

Alderman Rownan—Are you willing to marry Tom Byrne?

Judy—Yes.

Chairman—Sure he would not be able to keep you?

Judy—Better than you would, a good sight (laughter).

Mr. Brennan—You will have to get a doctor's certificate to show that he is fit to go through the ordeal (laughter).

Judy—Will I, then? If I have anything to do with him he will get no certificate (laughter). Am I going to get the bed-clothes (laughter).

Alderman Rownan—Did you ever get any clothes before?

Judy—Never. I was never an incumbrance to the union like a good many persons knocking about (laughter).

Alderman Rownan—Oh, give her the bed-clothes.

Mr. Murphy—We can't, because any we have are all condemned.

Judy—What! Is my application refused?

Alderman Rownan—Yes, Judy. All the bed-clothes are condemned.

Judy—Ah, the d—l condemn the whole of you (great laughter).

Exit Judy.

DISORDER IN ARKLOW.

A proclamation has been posted in Arklow, signed by three magistrates, intimating that "in consequence of the tumultuous and disorderly proceedings that have recently taken place in the town of Arklow, endangering the public peace, instructions have been given to the constabulary to prevent any assemblage of people in the streets of Arklow;" and warning is conveyed that all crowds assembling in violation of the proclamation "will be immediately dispersed."

AGRARIAN OUTRAGES.

A parliamentary return, just issued, shows that during the quarter just ended June 30th, 125 agrarian outrages were reported to the Inspector General Royal Irish Constabulary. These were distributed as follows: Armagh, 1; Cavan, 3; Donegal, 1; Down, 1; Fermanagh, 1; Londonderry, 1; Monaghan, 3; Kilkenny, 1; Longford, 1; Louth, 1; Meath, 1; Queen's County, 2; Westmeath, 2; Wexford, 3; East Riding of Galway, 14; West Riding of Galway, 2; Leitrim, 2; Mayo, 5; Roscommon, 1; Sligo, 1; Clare, 27; East Riding of Cork, 9; West Riding of Cork, 8; Kerry, 11; Limerick, 3; North Riding of Tipperary, 6; South Riding of Tipperary, 11; Waterford, 3 The counties free from agrarian outrages were Antrim, Tyrone, Carlow, Dublin, Kildare, King's, and Wicklow. It will be observed that there were cases in all the counties of Connaught Munster.

DILLON'S DENIAL.

Mr. John Dillon, M. P., writes to the papers denying the accuracy of the reports of his speech in the House of Commons on July 18th, which record him as saying that Mr. Hamilton was as great a blackguard as ever lived.

MUNSTER.

A SIMPLE FARMER

At Tramore Petty Sessions an extraordinary case of cruelty to animals was heard. Constable Doyle swore that when passing by the lands of Patrick Moloney, Dunhill, an extraordinary noise attracted his attention to the place. Jumping a ditch he went into a field on the land, and saw there two cats suspended by the tails over a string tearing each other to bits. Moloney explained that he tied the cats up there for the purpose of frightening the crows, having found it a most successful means of saving his crops from the ravages of the birds. In his opinion it was a perfectly legal method of attaining the end he had in view. The magistrates did not look on the performance in this light, as they fined Moloney 10s and costs.

COERCION COURT IN FERMOY.

Jas. Maye was charged with having on the 17th of September, 1889, at Fermoy, unlawfully assaulted Constable Denis Lane in the execution of his duty. District Inspector Ball said that the case had been several times adjourned owing to the illness of Constable Lane, who had since died. Constabulary evidence was then given in support of the charge to the effect that on the day in question Maye was one of nine defendants whom the constabulary were ordered not to allow out of court; that Maye attempted to force his way past Constable Lane, and struck him with his clenched hand. For the defence, Mr. Moloney, solicitor, and the Rev. Father Greene, C. C., Rathcormac, deposed the assault was all on the constable's part, and that Mr. Maye only raised his hand to loosen Constable Lane's hand from his collar. The defendant was sentenced to Cork Jail for seven days with hard labor. Mr. Rice stated that defendant was only after recovering from a severe accident, and applied that the hard labor be omitted. After consultation, Mr. Hodder stated that the hard labor would be omitted.

TWELVE MONTHS FOR MURDER.

At the Cork assizes Patrick Grant pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with having, near Nenagh, in the county Tipperary, on March 10, 1890, feloniously, wilfully, and with malice aforethought killed and murdered Patrick Bourke. The prisoner got twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor.

A TELLTALE LABEL.

In Mr. J. Corcoran (who is in prison awaiting trial for stone throwing at the barrack some nights ago), the police pretend to have the "bomb thrower" of May 27 last, the date of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien's visit to Cashel. The bomb consisted of a canister of powder, which exploded at the barrack gate at 10 p. m., on the above mentioned date. Curiously enough, the cannister is labelled "Curtis and Harvey," and those being the Government contractors, coupled with the fact that the Tipperary moon-lighting constable was on duty here that day, points to a different offender.

POLICE AND PEOPLE IN TIPPERARY.

A Tipperary correspondent writes that at the petty sessions recently a newspaper correspondent named Patrick P. English was charged with assault by Constable Wilson, who stated that on April 29 last, while on duty in a street, the defendant kicked his foot. There was also a cross case against Constable Wilson, in which English deposed that when putting him into the barrack cell Constable Wilson placed his foot before him and he fell. James O'Brien stated that he was standing at the barrick door and heard English fall. The magistrates dismissed the cross summons and fined English £1 in the first case.

MORE TENANTS TO BE EVICTED.

Within a few days the work of desolation in Tipperary, which has been carried on uninterruptedly for the past seven months by Mr. Smith-Barry, will again be renewed, and another score of families will be cast out of their homes; but, by the assistance of the Tenants' Defence Association, they will be provided with homes. Mr. O'Neill, relieving officer, received the statutory forty-eight hours' notice of eviction, in the following cases: John Dwyer, Ballinrobe; Patrick Walsh, Rossboro'; Garret Shea, Carron; Bridget Kennedy, Henry street, Tipperary, lands at Brodeen; Hanoria Dwyer, Ballinlilane; Thomas O'Neill, Crogue; John McGrath, Carronready; Jeremiah Dawson, Brodeen; Richard Glasheen, Gurthnekera; John Hannon, Cordangan; Martin Kinane, Gurthnakera; Thomas Cronin, Lacken; Jeremiah Dawson and Patrick Quirke, Brodeen; James Lysaght, Lacken; and Thomas Lysaght, do. With very few exceptions all the above tenants have left their holdings for the past three months, and are at present comfortably situated in the places that have been provided for their accommodation.

CASTLEISLAND WATERWORKS.

At the last meeting of the Tralee Board of Guardians it was decided to open the tenders for the Castleisland Waterworks, which have been lying in the possession of the Guardians since December last. The tenders were as follows: Jas. Donoghue proposed to do the work for £2,112; Bryan Healy, £2,104 17s, and John B. Healy, £2,053. The last tender was accepted, subject to the loan from the Local Government Board being obtained.

THE DEVON ESTATE.

A Newcastle West correspondent writes that a meeting of the tenants on the Devon estate was held on the 19th. Rev. Michael Byrnes, P. P., Tournafulla, presided, and there were about two hundred tenants present. Mr. George Lake Sheehy, J. P., said that he was surprised at the action of the absentee proprietors in reducing the former abatement by 5 per cent. He begged to propose that the receivers be requested to allow an abatement of 30 per cent. Mr. Robert Hurley seconded the resolution, and several other resolutions having been proposed, the meeting adjourned.

INFORMED AGAINST HIMSELF.

Removables Keogh and Harper recently held a Coercion Court, in Kilrush, when a charge was preferred against Martin McDonnell, tailor, for having a rifle and bayonet in his possession at his residence, in Moore street. Singular enough, it was McDonnell who gave the information to the police against himself.

CELEBRATION AT ROSCREA.

An imposing temperance demonstration was held in Roscrea on Thursday, the occasion being the celebration in that town of the Father Mathew Centenary. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Redmond, Bishop of Killaloe, was present.

CONNACHT.

GALWAY REGETTA.

Notwithstanding unfavorable weather the Galway annual regatta at Menlo Castle was very successful. The events, of which there were nine on the programme, were all contested. The race in the outrigged sculled wherries was won by Kelly, of the Corrib Club, to whom also fell the honors of the junior scullers' race. He was rowing in splendid form and won both races with the utmost ease and pulled a very nice stroke. The Ladies' Plate, the Menlo Challenge Cup, and the presentation prizes were all won easily by crews of the St. Patrick's Rowing Club, though in the last event a capital junior crew from the Corrib Club ran them pretty close.

EXTRAORDINARY STABBING CASE.

A Maria Morrison has been lodged in Castlebar jail on a charge of having stabbed her husband after the races while on the course. Morrison is now under treatment in Mayo Infirmary, and his condition is very serious.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Balfour seems not to be making much headway in suppressing the meetings of the League. On last week a very large and representative meeting of Kilmovee, county Mayo, branch was held, the Rev. M. Henry, C. C., in the chair, and Mr. J. Sheridan, V. P., in the vice chair. The following members of the committee were present: Rev. M. Henry, C.C., hon. V. P.; Messrs. John Sheridan, V. P.; John Irvine, treas.; B. Flannery, sec.; Owen O'Connell, John Kilgariff, John M'Dermott, Jas. Doherty, Michael Moran, Peter Sheel, and P. Rush; also some private members, and a few strangers. Several serious matters were under consideration, and after business was disposed of, the following resolutions were adopted: "That we congratulate the tenants on the Dillon estate on the victory gained at the Castlebar Assizes by their brother tenants over their would be exterminator." "That we hereby tender to Father Keveny, A. D. M., of Ballaghaderreen, our heartfelt thanks for the invaluable aid he has given to the Dillon tenants in staving off the attacks made upon them by their agent."

"THE SHAN VAN VOCHT."

Next week THE CITIZEN will begin the publication of the "Shan Van Vocht," a tale of the United Irishmen, in which Lord Edward, Wolfe Tone and other noted patriots figure, by Prof. James Murphy, the author of "Convict No. 25," "Hugh Roach the Ribbonman," "The Forge of Clohogue," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," Etc. Etc Prof. Murphy is acknowledged by the press of Great Britain and Ireland to be the best living Irish novelist.

PERSONAL.

Miss Mollie Mack, of No. 2041 Clark avenue, and Miss Mollie Brennon, of No. 2757 Chouteau avenue, St. Louis, Mo., are in this city visiting friends. Miss Mack is the guest of her cousin, the Hon. Bryan Conway, No. 2528 Fifth avenue, and Miss Brennon with her relative, Mr. James Thomas, No. 678 Thirty-first street.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

THE ADDRESS

Of the Executive Committee of the United Irish Societies of Chicago, on the Occasion of the Fourteenth Annual Demonstration, at Ogden Grove, August 15, 1890.

TO THE PUBLIC: To honor the memory of the heroic sons of our motherland, who suffered and died for her freedom; to perpetuate the sublime sentiment that inspired and sustained them, and to avow our devotion to the cause made sacred by their fidelity, we are assembled in blessed unity of hearts and minds, animated by their spirit, actuated by the motive that ennobled their lives, sanctified their struggles, and made their names illustrious and their memory imperishable and, to us, most dear.

We affirm that the sentiment of nationality is exacting; that a people who cherish it can never be debased; and, that a people who acquiesce in the deprivation of their nationality, by any means whatever, are fit only for degraded slavery, and are neither worthy nor deserving of a higher condition. We assert as incontestably true that the sentiment of nationality, deep rooted in the Irish race, has alone preserved that people from utter extinction by the savage tyranny and relentless persecution of the British crown; and, we hold, that to foster this sentiment is the solemn duty of the Irish people throughout the world. We reprobate every plan, policy or procedure that involves the barter or surrender of Ireland's nationality.

While we heartily sympathize with every effort made to ameliorate the present woful condition of Ireland, and are willing and eager to aid, by every means at our disposal, any movement intended to relieve the distress, or to obtain any measure of political or social advancement or improvement for the Irish nation, yet we are unalterably of the conviction that Ireland is of right entitled to *absolute independence*. We say not that Ireland shall now resort to revolution to achieve independence, for we are guided by prudence, and judgment governs our zeal. But we do hold that Ireland should not be degraded to the low condition of a mere province of Great Britain in consideration of a parliamentary grant of a partial redress of her wrongs.

The chivalrous men of our race who sacrificed all temporal advantages and yielded their lives in their country's cause; those sublime spirits whose heroism and fidelity have endeared them to our hearts, and made the later pages of their country's history luminous with the splendor of their devotion to liberty—whose very names are an inspiration to Irish hearts wherever uttered—sought the destruction of the tyranny that desolated their country; and the high aim of their generous ambition was to win for Ireland her rightful "place among the nations of the earth." They were thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of nationality, and it made them gallantly chivalrous and radiantly sublime. To them death, won in a glorious struggle for the freedom of their country, was sweet, and preferable to a life of ease under the thraldom of a foreign crown. They were true men and true Irishmen; they disdained to live as the inferiors of the despoilers and oppressors of their country; they would not concede that the Irish were only fit to be the vassals of the British, and this because in their hearts was enshrined the sentiment of Irish nationality. A patriot cannot exist without the sentiment of nationality. The man who is content to see his race or nation in subjection to a foreign power is without self respect, and a stranger to the emotions that thrill and glorify all souls but such as are brutified and sordid.

We rejoice in our American citizenship; it is our boast and pride. We owe no allegiance to any government or country under Heaven but the majestic and beloved Republic of the United States; nor do we recognize the right of any power on earth to interpose between us and our duty to the laws and government thereof. Our devotion to motherland neither strains, diminishes nor conflicts with our allegiance or duty as American citizens. We hold, and will maintain, that the Irish race in the United States is the equal, in good citizenship, of the most devoutly patriotic of the citizens of the Republic; and that neither the native born citizen nor any nationality of naturalized citizens surpass our people in fervent attachment to the principles contained in the Constitution. The history of the Republic bears no brighter names upon its luminous pages than those of our kindred. From the rugged heights of strong Quebec, where the ardent heart of brave Montgomery poured its generous flood in freedom's cause, to the royal city of the Aztec Kings, where the imperious Spaniard lowered his haughty crest in homage to the Republic's victorious flag; on every battlefield, and on every wave where the Republic's honor was impugned or its right denied, our race has shown how well it loved the banner of the free. The enemies of the Republic are our foes; our lives and fortunes are ever ready for the defense of its rights or the vindication of its honor.

As Irish Nationalists we seek to foster the sentiment of Irish nationality among the Irish race here and throughout the world, to the end that the reproach of subjugation to a foreign and cruelly tyrannical power now unhappily resting upon the Irish nation, may, when Providence shall permit, be forever blotted out. That such a purpose is laudable and holy, the genius and principles of the Republic attest.

For the realization of the cherished hope of our race the unity of the people is necessary. Dissensions among the children of Ireland are deplorable and have ever been disastrous to the cause of their country. Therefore we counsel union among Irishmen. For from the beginning of our nation's miseries until now the enemy has cunningly fomented discord among our people to weaken and then destroy them.

Sons of Ireland, your place is beneath the banner upon which is inscribed the hope of your race; suffer not personal grievance, resentment nor pique to seduce you from the sacred cause of your country. Forget not that want of harmony is lack of strength; and remember, that self-respect, the memory of the heroic dead, the desolation and bitter suffering of your race and country, enjoin upon you the solemn duty to be true to the sacred cause of Ireland's Nationality.

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

A HISTORICAL REVIEW.

[*Magazine of Western History, New York.*]

This contribution to the history of the long struggle between the white man and the red man, upon that ever-narrowing strip between the civilization of the Atlantic coast and that of the Pacific coast gives the story of one of the most exciting and important of the campaigns in that not yet ended war. It is an account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, as told by a trained man of letters who was upon the ground, and who had the amplest facilities for gaining the information here set down.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861 5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

CAPT BOURKE'S CRITICISM.

[*Journal U. S. Cavalry Association.*]

Finerty's book comes closer to supplying the needed link in the chain of our frontier military history than any other with which I am acquainted; it is to all intents and purposes a reproduction of the vivid and graphic letters which stamped him as one of the most observant critics who followed our expeditions in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country in 1876-77-78 and 1879.

The life of our soldiers, their hardships, privations and dangers are photographed with fidelity and in proper focus; the privations and dangers are given as a matter of course, are not magnified and are allowed to speak for themselves.

* * * * * *

Finerty criticized military movements freely and, in the main, in an able and judicious manner; he certainly tried to be fair and impartial and got his facts on the skirmish line, so that no one could complain of his inferences, no matter what they might be.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.
—Phœbe Cary.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

The youth of the present know nothing of the fine times of the Royal lottery. One must be very near the sixties to remember the sheets of white pasteboard, on which the drawn numbers appeared in enormous figures, the cries of the ticket sellers the day before the drawing and the serenades executed the day after beneath the windows of the winners.

This institution of another age disappeared in 1837 with the public games, but in 1805 it was in operation in all the large cities of France, and in Paris the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, where the lottery had its headquarters, presented three times a month—the 5th, 15th and 25th—a curious spectacle.

The 15th of February of that memorable year which was to finish with the battle of Austerlitz the crowd, as usual, besieged the door of the hotel in which the drawings were made. Noon had just struck, and the late comers who had been unable to get in were impatiently awaiting the decree of fortune in the street. At 12:15 the door opened and the official criers began to shout the five numbers which the innocent hand of a child had drawn from the urn—59, 36, 44, 85, 11. The players received them with groans and hisses, for fate had not favored a single one among those poor people. For some minutes there was a frightful din. Then the throng began to scatter into all the adjacent streets, and the quarter gradually resumed its customary aspect.

Among the victims of this unlucky drawing was a woman of middle age whose attire announced competence and whose features did not lack distinction. She held in one hand a huge wicker basket and in the other an enormous umbrella, which she brandished as she strode along talking aloud, although she was entirely alone. She turned to the right, went down the front steps of the Palais Royal, entered the garden and threw herself upon a bench in the alley which runs parallel with the Rue de Valois.

"Brigand of a blind man!" said she, between her teeth, "rascal of a beggar! He promised me my three in the drawing of the 15th without fail and yet my numbers did not come out!"

This vehement monologue seemed to calm her a little. She opened her basket and took from it a book which she fell to reading attentively. It was a yellow covered volume and bore this seductive title: "The Lock of the True Key of the Imperial Lotteries of France. The Certain Way to Win Annually 42,000 Francs and More with Very Little Money."

While the unlucky gamester was absorbed in this attractive reading a spruce little old man, who had preserved the queue and pigeon wings of the old regime, came and seated himself on the same bench.

He glanced at his neighbor out of the corner of his eye and smiled with a wicked air. A discreet cough revealed his presence to the lady, who at once moved as if to arise. The old man restrained her with a polite gesture and said to her in a very soft voice:

"Kindly excuse me, beautiful lady, for permitting myself to address you without having the honor to be known by you. Perhaps you will pardon my indiscretion when you know that I am the author of the book now claiming your attention."

"What! You are"——

"Marseille Pere, mathematician and professor of luck, Carrefour de la Vannerie, 51, third floor, and I shall be charmed, beautiful lady, to put at your service the fruits of my long experience."

"Ah! yes!" cried the woman with the basket, "I advise you to brag of your experience! Yours is a fine book! It put it into my head to ask numbers of blind men, and for three years I've been playing a triple combination given me by that old rogue Bellanger, the blind man of the Pont au Change, but never have I seen two of my numbers come out simultaneously, and yet they call that animal the blind man of good luck!"

"Pardon, beautiful lady," said the professor of luck in an insinuating tone; "it is true that on page 125 of my little work I recommend blind men, but on page 213 I point out another class of citizens whose advice never fails."

"A famous class, indeed—guillotined persons! Where do you expect me to find them? How should I know any guillotined persons?"

"But, dear lady," resumed M. Marseille Pere, not in the least disconcerted, "may it not happen that a person who has given you numbers might incur capital punishment and ascend the scaffold? In that case my system is infallible—the numbers will come out at the drawing which follows the day of execution.

"If I was only sure of it!" muttered the irascible gamester, already a trifle softened; "but I shall have no such good fortune. That scoundrel Bellanger will never ascend the scaffold. A blind man! Who ever heard of a blind man being guillotined?"

"The fact is that such a thing is hardly probable, and it's very sad, for success would be certain. But you might go elsewhere. Persons sentenced to death are not rare, and with influence one can visit them at Bicetre."

"Oh, yes! and abandon my triple combination which is to bring me nearly a million! And what numbers! 13—87—88. The eighty-eight has not come out for eighteen months. I will put my last ecu on the combination; it shall never be said that the Baronne de Molden drew back!"

With this heroic speech the woman threw her book into the basket, seized her umbrella, suddenly arose and went off without even saying good-by to M. Marseille Pere, mathematician.

This strange dialogue seemed wholly natural in 1805. The Baronne de Molden, an old maid whom the emigration had not corrected of the habit of gambling, represented a type very widely spread at that epoch when the lottery had replaced lansquenet. As to the professor of luck, the race has been perpetuated and can still be found at Monaco, but it was then abundant in Paris. What will never be seen again, it is to be hoped, is a criminal trial like that of the blind man whom the baronne cursed.

The Mardi Gras which followed Feb. 15 that poor devil bundled up his little traps at nightfall and prepared to regain the Hospice des Quinze-Vingts. For more than twenty years he had occupied his place on the Pont au Change, which he had come to consider his personal property.

He was between 50 and 60, still straight and vigorous. Blind at birth he had commenced life by begging in the streets. Later he had succeeded in getting admitted to the Quinze-Vingts, and thanks to some municipal protection he had acquired the privilege of occupying the corner of the Pont au Change and the Quai des Lunettes. Every morning he installed himself there, returning to the hospital only in the evening.

The Revolution had not changed his habits. He had been indifferent to the riots and the executions. Daily, during the terrible years 1793 and 1794, the carts loaded with victims emerged from the conciergerie ten paces from where he sat. The grinding of the wheels, the shouts of the soldiers and the vociferations of the crowd warned him of the passage of the condemned without causing him to suspend the piercing music of his clarionet. It is true that the excitement of the spectacle had no existence for him. He heard the Terror, but did not see it.

This man, whom all Paris knew, called himself Philippe Bellanger. With time he got together a little competency and led an easy life. Begging was not his sole resource. He carved wood with much skill and made trifling objects, which he sold to passers by. But the major part of his revenue was gained by less avowable means. He was reputed to be gifted with the precious faculty of divining the winning numbers in the lottery. Bellanger had many customers to whom he sold infallible combinations. Two or three drawings in which chance favored him had given him vogue, and in 1805 the blind man of good luck, as he was styled, excited the envy of all his confreres in blindness.

In the early days of his prosperity Bellanger had employed a certain Widow Capulet, who served as his guide, and a youth named Pinson, who drew the little wagon loaded with the trifles he fabricated. The widow and the lad fell in love with each other and got married. After five years of faithful service they had abandoned the blind man to go to housekeeping, and the poor devil, reduced to the company of his dog, had experienced a considerable diminution of his receipts. A bitter animosity was engendered in the blind man by this. He did not show it, however, and remained on terms of intimacy with the Pinsons.

On the evening of Feb. 25, 1805, the Mardi Gras already mentioned, as he was making his way to the hospital, he stopped at the Faubourg Saint Antoine, where his former servants lived. He entered the house, saying that he had come to warm himself for an instant and drink a few drops with his friends. He took from his great coat different objects which he placed on the floor beside the stove, among them a bottle of brandy. After drinking, the blind man took up his property and went away, remarking that he was in a hurry.

After his departure Mme. Pinson was about to put in the fire a bit of wood which was beside the stove when she saw fall from it some black grains which seemed suspicious to her. Her husband, on closely examining it, discovered that the bit of wood was hollow and filled with gunpowder. The opening had been very deftly concealed by stopping it up with a big plug. The couple uttered cries of fright which attracted the neighbors. They talked the matter over and decided that the infernal machine could have been brought only by the blind man. He alone had been there and, no doubt, had hidden it under his coat. The Pinsons had no great love for him and did not hesitate to denounce him without delay to the commissary of police. An hour later, Bellanger, who was sleeping tranquilly in his chamber, was arrested, thrown into a fiacre, taken to the force and jailed on the charge of attempted assassination. This might bring him to the guillotine. The chances of the baronne's combination were looking up.

Two months afterward the blind man of good luck was still in prison and was preparing for his trial at the court of assizes. His surname had become bitterly derisory. The authorities had been minute and malevolent in their investigations. They had discovered the causes which led Bellanger to take vengeance on the Pinsons, had noted his skill in carving wood, had established the singular haste with which he had shortened his visit on Feb. 25 and had got together quite a respectable collection of proofs against him.

Bellanger explained nothing, contested nothing. He contented himself with protesting that he was incapable of doing ill to any one. Besides, his lot did not seem to torment him much. The regime of the force greatly resembled that of Quinze-Vingts. Prison or hospital, it is all the same for a man who cannot see, and as he continued his little trade in lottery numbers he did not lack comforts.

Bellanger appeared before the jury of the Seine May 10, 1805. His trial attracted a vast attendance, and it will readily be believed that his clients did not fail to be present. The Baronne de Molden figured in the first row of the reserved places. The accused was defended by a lawyer named by the court, Maitre Lebon, one of the celebrities of the bar of that time. The proofs of the crime imputed to the blind man were not abundant, and not one of them was decisive. Unfortunately, a fireworks maker, summoned as an expert, boldly declared that the bit of wood contained enough gunpowder to blow up the entire quarter. The effect of this testimony was terrible. Vainly Maitre Lebon strove to demonstrate that, even supposing his client capable of having prepared the infernal machine, there was no evidence to show he had brought it to the Pinsons' house. A verdict of guilty was rendered and the court pronounced the sentence of death. Bellanger grew white as marble, but, rising to his feet and turning his sightless orbs toward his judges, said in a firm voice: "I am innocent!" The gendarmes removed him, and that very evening he was transferred to the prison of Bicetre, where those condemned to the death penalty were then confined.

The news of the sentence spread immediately and excited the lottery gamblers to the highest degree. The trade of the blind man of good luck at once became very great, and from the depths of his dungeon he sold millions of numbers. Everybody bought them. The gendarmes, the jailers, and even the judges demanded combinations from the unfortunate man whom the scaffold was about to render infallible.

Bellanger applied for a new trial, but his application was rejected on the 7th of June. The baronne tripled her investment in the lottery drawing of the 15th. On the morning of the 10th criers spread about the streets, shouting, according to the wretched custom of the period: "The decree condemning to the penalty of death a certain individual well known in Paris, Philippe Bellanger by name, will be executed today upon the Place de Greve, etc." The time fixed was 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Already the prisoner had arrived at the conciergerie and commenced to suffer the anguish of the last day of a condemned man. The Place de Greve was packed with the curious. The guillotine was erected. Meanwhile Maitre Lebon and Maitre Colin had conceived the idea of endeavoring to obtain a reprieve for the blind man. The emperor alone had the power to pardon and, two months before he had quitted Paris with the empress for Milan, there to be crowned king of Italy, but in his absence the chief justice could suspend the execution. A retired actor named Beaulieu bore a petition drawn up by the two lawyers to him, and his excellency consented to submit the case to his majesty.

It was time. The clock showed a quarter past 3. The toilet of the condemned man was finished. Old Sanson, the executioner, had given the signal to his assistants, and the procession was about to start for the Place de Greve, when the order to stop proceedings arrived at the conciergerie. Bellanger fainted from joy on hearing the news. He was taken back to Bicetre and the crowd dispersed on seeing the scaffold pulled down.

The baronne soon learned what had happened and was terribly enraged. The drawing of the 15th of June, which was not favorable to her, put the finishing touch to her exasperation, and she declared that she had renounced the lottery.

At that period it took nearly fifteen days to hear from Milan. The public, persuaded that the reprieve was equivalent to a pardon, paid no further attention to Bellanger. People thought so little about him that on the morning of June 28 the passers who saw that the guillotine had been erected during the night on the Place de Greve asked themselves what criminal was about to die. They did not remain long in uncertainty. A few minutes before 9 the cart rattled up and the crowd cried out, "It's the blind man! It's Bellanger!"

It was he, indeed. The pardon had been refused at Milan, and the chief justice, severely reprimanded for having granted a reprieve, had hastened to finish matters.

Bellanger reached the foot of the scaffold. A shiver ran through the crowd when he mounted the steps with the hesitating and heavy tread of the blind. His pale face and sightless eyes appeared for an instant above the knife, which came down rapidly. They heard a loud cry, a hollow sound and all was over.

Thus died the blind man of good luck, and—this is one of the singularities of this strange history—his sad fate inspired very little sympathy, if we may judge from the newspapers of the time, which unanimously approved the execution.

Perhaps the deceived lottery gamblers were bitter against him. Certain it is that by dint of cursing him the baronne fell ill. She remained nearly a month in bed, inveighing against pardoned blind men and against the lottery, and, as she never read anything but the official list of the drawings, she was ignorant of Bellanger's death.

On the 5th of July, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, she was up for the first time when some one knocked violently at the door. She opened it herself, for she had no servant, and Marseelle Pere, the professor of luck, threw himself upon her neck, shouting:

"Victory! You are rich! As I told you it would, your combination came out at the drawing which followed the execution!"

He showed her a paper on which were five numbers:

56—13—81—87—88.

"Unfortunate wretch that I am," murmured the baronne, "I forgot to buy my tickets!"

She stretched out her arms, her lips stammered the three numbers which would have enriched her—13, 87, 88—her limbs stiffened and her face grew ghastly pale. The professor of luck sprang forward to support her, but she fell backward. She was dead. The combination of three had killed her.—Fortune du Boisgobey; translated for The Philadelphia News.

POPULAR WHITE LIES.

EXCUSABLE WHOPPERS TOLD IN EVERY CIRCLE OF LIFE.

Some of the Many Fabrications Defined. Lies That Are a Business Necessity. The Ministerial Lie—The Social Fib. The Malicious Lie Is Wicked.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," "Tell the truth and shame the devil," "Truth is mighty and will prevail," and a hundred other catchy sayings, most of them plainly lies themselves, have been familiar to the world for something over a thousand years, during which time nobody ever even attempted to live up to them. True, the early martyrs suffered death "for truth's sake," as those who lived after gave out, though it has since been suspected that had they not firmly believed that the shortest and safest road to heaven lay through martyrdom the mortality would never have been so great and even might not have existed at all.

Truth has so often masqueraded in the guise of falsehood that at length she has few friends sincere enough to make themselves disliked for her sake. Does not the world readily excuse him who lies to save his own life or reputation so long as his lie does not injure another? Does not a lie told to screen a guilty person often rise to the height of a positive virtue? Indeed, perjury is expected as a matter of course from a criminal at the bar of justice, and a man who swears falsely that he is the guilty one instead of his brother, his son or his friend becomes a hero at once. What is done in a law court under solemn oath is done every day in endless variety in the world of business, society and pleasure.

LIES DEFINED.

Among the several distinct species of lies now in vogue, some of which serve to make the world run smoothly and others to cause vexation and trouble, the society lie, upon which all human intercourse is founded, is first and foremost. The ability to handle this lie partakes of the nature of a special gift, and he or she who possesses it to a marked degree is envied by the less fortunate. It is euphoniously called "tact," and it consists in making the deceived person feel at ease with himself and with others. It does not necessitate always a direct verbal falsehood, but a manner, bearing expression or implication from which but one conclusion can be drawn. A blunderer in this art is justly viewed with contempt and even suspicion.

There is the harmless lie which arises from vanity, and which nobody believes excepting, perhaps, the narrator himself. The harmless liar seeks to magnify himself by the relation of anecdotes and instances which may or may not have some slight foundation. He is neither hated nor shunned, and if he is not respected the reason is not that he is a liar, but some other defect of character.

The business lie is a necessity, a cogwheel of trade, which everybody expects and accepts. It is so common that a special agency has long thriven merely by publishing the truth about the real standing of business houses. The fact that the agency is often wrong shows only that the well which truth inhabits is getting unusually deep.

The family lie is another common form, so firmly rooted as to withstand all attempts at removal. The laughable discussion a few years ago as to whether Santa Claus should be abolished or not will readily be called to mind.

TWO FORMS TO AVOID.

The ministerial lie, which consists mainly in a half statement of the truth, is common on Sundays. This is highly excusable; if the pastor allowed himself to stray from generalities to particular instances he would soon be preaching to empty pews, and his career of usefulness would be at an end.

The newspaper lie is to be found in any newspaper ever published. Arising as it does from a desire to afford amusement, or from partial knowledge, it is by no means blameworthy. In the latter case, which is the commoner, it is not really a lie, because, though it conveys a false impression, it is not false by the will of the promulgator.

The two forms of lying which seem really to be avoided, which bring actual condemnation from society, are the scientific lie and the malicious lie. The former is an obstinate determination to combat a newly discovered truth, which cannot but be apparent to any one who is qualified to talk at all on the subject. Unhappily, owing to the ignorance of the great mass of the people, which prevents them from forming an opinion, the scientific liar is not held in the detestation which he deserves.

The malicious lie, which is told with the intention of injuring another, is the form most commonly signified by the word. For this there is no excuse. It is and always will be the badge of a cowardly and untrustworthy character, the commonest and most convenient resort of treachery. It is detestation of this form that curiously, through a defect in the language, brings discredit upon the praiseworthy or necessary forms which differ from it essentially.

Meantime, if the devil is ashamed only when the truth is spoken, he must suffer little from the disagreeable emotion. The world is too sensible and too practical ever to prefer a truth of doubtful utility to a pleasant lie in spite of the fitful agitation to the contrary.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Socialism Spreading in Germany.

You would be astonished to see the progress which socialism has made among the rustics here in Germany. A mile below the castle is a little village in which there were sixty socialist votes at the last election. Three miles away in the opposite direction is a village of paper making mills, in which there were 300 socialist votes at the February "poll." The state church in Germany is not in touch with the masses of the people. And it never will get the masses until it takes a different attitude toward institutions and especially toward socialism.—Munich Letter.

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EUROPE'S MANY CHANGES.

How the Various Countries Have Been Cut Up and Divided.

Rumors of a European war on a grand scale are always rife, and it may be interesting to recall the many and stupendous changes which have modified the map of Europe during the last sixty years. The French revolution, continued by Napoleon I, overturned every nation and modified every frontier limit in Europe. Between 1815 and 1830 the restoration of the eldest branch of the Bourbons in France and the Vienna and Verona congresses had nearly re-established the ancient order of things in the European world.

But in 1830 the revolution which crowned the Orleans cadet Louis Philippe as king of France, and proclaimed him the representative of modern liberalism as against clerical reactionism as personified in Charles X, was the signal of changes all over Europe. The heroic sons of Greece had already begun the struggle for modern liberty and for national independence. They were successful, and the treaty of Adrianople was agreed to by all Europe, and Greece was recognized as a sovereign power on Feb. 3, 1830. Moldavia, Wallachia and Servia were constituted by the same treaty as autonomous principalities, and Turkey ceded to Russia the mouth of the Danube. Belgium separated from Holland and was recognized as an independent power in July, 1831, after long conferences held at London.

In 1834 the kingdom of Poland was suppressed as a result of the heroic but unsuccessful fight of the Poles for liberty. In 1846 the republic of Cracow was suppressed and incorporated with Austria. In 1848 the principality of Neuchatel, which had been given up to Prussia by the treaties of 1814, declared its independence and became a canton of Switzerland. This independence was officially recognized by Prussia in 1857. After the Crimean war, in 1856, Russia lost the southern portion of Bessarabia, along the banks of the Danube, which portion was given to Moldavia. The Solferino victory, in 1859, caused Austria to surrender Lombardy, with the exception of Mantua, to Napoleon III, who made a present of that province to Italy, or rather to the king of Sardinia.

In 1860 the same king came into possession of Modena, Parma, Tuscany, Romagna, Umoria, Naples and Sicily, giving back in exchange to France only the county of Nice and the Savoy. One year later, in 1861, the kingdom of Italy was definitely constituted by the reunion under the same scepter of all Italian states formerly separated, with the exception of the pontifical states and the Rome Campagna. In 1861, Moldavia and Wallachia were united under the name of Rumania. In 1864 the Ionian Islands, which formed a parliamentary republic under British protectorate, were ceded to Greece.

The Gastein convention of 1865, after the war of the duchies, decreed the annexation to Prussia of the duchy of Lauenburg, the title of which was conferred upon Bismarck after his retirement from the chancellorship. In 1866, after the battle of Sadowa, the kingdom of Hanover, the Hesse electorate, the free city of Frankfort, Schleswig and Holstein were annexed to Prussia and the confederation of North Germany was established. In the same year, and as another consequence of defeat at Sadowa, the Vienna government abandoned Venetia and the fortress of Mantua to Italy. The first defeats of the French in the war of 1870 compelled them to evacuate Rome, which then became the capital of Italy. The Frankfort treaty gave Alsace and Lorraine to the newly founded North German empire.

In 1878, after the Russo-Turkish war, and through the operation of the Berlin treaty, great changes were made in the map of Europe. Russia exchanged the Dobroudia district for southern Bessarabia. Servia, by the same treaty, was enlarged and constituted as an independent kingdom, as well as Rumania. Bulgaria became a mere tributary province of Turkey, from which in 1885 she snatched eastern Rumelia. Montenegro received an increase of territory, and Bosnia and Herzegovina were surrendered to Austria, which was authorized to occupy them temporarily, a word which means in diplomacy real possession.

Such is the present international map of Europe; how long will it last in that shape?—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Deadly Mule.

A southern mule trade has resulted in the death of two people, who were shot and killed as an after effect of the transaction. This is probably the first tragedy resulting from overfamiliarity with these long eared anarchists in which a mule has not played an active part. The court directs a verdict of not guilty.—Detroit Free Press.

A Field for the "Packer."

A new and useful employment has been developed for women which promises rapid development. This is that of professional packer. The need of this kind of service is apparent to those who witness movings and transportation of household goods, now so much more frequent than formerly, or who see the interior of women's trunks or men's valises. The cost of such helpers would be more than covered by the security and the absence of loss, provided the women were trained, competent and faithful. Moving is now a terror from the quantity of bric-a-brac accumulated, the pictures and books to be stored or transferred, the fine furniture to be provided for, the cushions and draperies to be looked after. Quantities of valuables are sacrificed simply from want of care and the impossibility of securing efficient, practical aid in such emergencies. Few people know how to pack, especially with a view to economy of space and the condition of the article when it is unpacked.—Housewife.

Antiquity of the Love for Gems.

The origin of the love for gems is lost in antiquity. We cannot go so far back but the records to which we have access bear evidence of its previous existence. Bible lore is full of it. In ancient Egypt gems were engraved in the form of scarabæi, and have been, even quite recently, disinterred from the mummy pits. Hindoo mythology overflows with wonderfully vivid descriptions of precious stones. The monarchs of the east, with their fondness for display and pomp, no doubt decorated their persons with gems long before they knew how to cut them, and they attributed, and they even now attribute, magic and talismanic properties to them. This belief is shared by almost every nation, and even the prosaic American has his pet superstition which he respects, while he may not openly acknowledge.—Sally Joy White in Ladies' Home Journal.

Greenland.

On some of the old time maps Greenland was known by a different name than the one it now bears.

During the Ninth century Gunnbjorn, a brave sea rover from Iceland, discovered "Greenland's icy mountains," and because of their glittering mantle of ice and snow he called the island Hvidsærk or White Shirt.

Some years later Eric the Red came to the island to found colonies there, and changed the name to Greenland. Perhaps on a map White Shirt might not make so dignified an appearance as Greenland, but it would not be so strikingly inappropriate to the great "inland ice," as the Danes call it—a country of glaciers and snow fields that stretches away into the shadows of the unexplored and unknown.—Youth's Companion.

Street Sweeping Machine.

A street sweeping machine has been patented by a Californian. This machine involves the novel principle of throwing the dirt upward and backward over the top of the brush into the base of the elevator, and thence carrying it directly back and discharging it into a delivery spout at the rear. The special advantage of this machine is that the elevator, being behind the brush, only one elevator is required. Side brushes and a gutter brush and power transmitting mechanisms to operate all the brushes at the proper speed are also provided, together with several adjustments of the various parts.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Snow Plant from the Sierra.

One of the rarest plants known to botanists has been brought to this city by E. L. Swartz and is on exhibition in the windows of a down town florist. It is known as the snow plant and was found by Mr. Swartz growing near snowbanks in the Sierras, 6,500 feet above the sea level. The plant is indigenous to high and frozen altitudes and is a curiosity. It grows to the height of four or five inches, and when it blooms, which is soon after the spring thaw, it bears the appearance of a dark reddish pine cone set upright on the ground. It emits an odor that is not unlike that of the honeysuckle. The value attached to it is on account of its rarity, and the plant secured by Mr. Swartz is doubtless the first ever brought to this city.—San Francisco Examiner.

Saved from a Worse Fate.

A man who slept on the government pier so as to get the first fish that bit in the morning woke up so suddenly that he fell into the lake and was drowned. It was lucky for his future state that his fate o'ertook him e'er he had time to relate any stories of his day's successes. Fishing on Sunday is a trivial matter compared to the monumental mendacity which is its concomitant.—Chicago Mail.

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HOW A MOSAIC IS MADE.

A VISIT TO A LONDON GLASS MANUFACTORY DESCRIBED.

Some Information About an Interesting Art—How the Old Methods Differed from Those of Today—A Curious Ancient Method of Decoration.

One of the most important recent developments in glass manufacturing has been in the art of working in glass mosaic, and they have reproduced in this method Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of "Christ among the Doctors," which many people may remember in the old Water-color society's exhibition in 1887. The mosaic, about eight feet wide and four feet high, was made for the reredos of Clifton college chapel. Few people have the slightest idea of how a mosaic is made.

"The art of working in mosaic, the most imperishable of wall decorations, was known to the Romans," said Mr. Powell, superintendent of a manufactory, "and has been revived and practiced at various times. Thus there was a revival in Raphael's time, and Titian also made designs for mosaic. In our own day it has been revived by Salviati, in Venice, and it has been practiced in the Vatican and at St. Peter's in Rome under the present and former pope for the purpose of reproducing the works of the old masters in an imperishable form. Most of the work done in this country and on the continent for the last quarter of a century has been by Salviati.

"For instance, the designs of Alfred Stevens for the spandrels in the dome of St. Paul's are carried out by him, and were executed in Venice. We have been working at mosaic for about ten years, and have introduced some very important improvements. We have, moreover, trained all our own craftsmen, and every part of the work, from the making of the glass to the completion of the picture, is done by highly skilled English craftsmen."

HOW THE GLASS IS MADE.

"And how are the cubes of glass made and arranged into a picture?" "You must begin at the beginning and see the glass made," said Mr. Powell, leading the way into the workshop. "But first let me show you what the old method was. This," showing me a piece of opaque colored glass, for all the world like a biscuit, "is a piece of glass such as is used in Venice. It is made by taking a big drop of molten glass and pressing it out flat—to about a quarter of an inch in thickness. These are made in every color. They are cut into little cubes and arranged to form the design, and it is the cut face which forms the picture surface. The disadvantages are the disagreeable glitter of the glass and the difficulty of shaping the pieces."

"And the new method?" I was shown the maker of the glass at work. The workman has a shallow mold, into which he sifts from the perforated bottom of a tin jug a colored powder. From another jug he sifts another thickness of white powder, and then a considerable thickness of coarser powder, making altogether about a quarter of an inch. These powders are of ground glass and are fused by the heat of the fire into a solid tile. The first powder is of the color the glass is intended to be, the second is white, to give quality to the surface color and to resist damp, and the third is simply a backing of coarser glass to give strength and thickness.

The tile is then cut up into little pieces with a steel American wheel into the shapes required. "The advantage," continued Mr. Powell, "besides the superior color is that we use the surface instead of the cut edge of the tile for the picture. And so we can cut any shape we require. Thus, as in Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, we can cut pieces into the shape of a thumb nail, or of a nostril, or of parts of an eye, or of any of the little bits of drawing which go to make up a picture. In the old way these things would have to be made up of little cubes, and of course the shapes would not have been nearly so accurate. By our method we are enabled to approach much nearer to pictorial effect—quite as near as is desirable in this class of decoration."

HOW THE PIECES ARE PUT TOGETHER.

"And the putting of the pieces together?" "There are several ways. The most obvious is to cement the glass piece by piece upon the stonework. But that makes very uneven work, and it is difficult to make alterations. The methods we actually practice are two—namely, 'face down' and 'face up.' The former is used for decorative panels and the latter for important work, like pictures. The method is this: We have a tracing made of, say, a head, which tracing is pasted down on a plate of glass. The little pieces of mosaic are then, after much careful selection and cutting, put down upon their places on the tracing and fixed with weak cement, and so bit by bit the whole is made up.

"The advantage is that we see what we are doing as we go on, and that alterations are easily made. When the work is finished in this way it is ready for transferring permanently to the stone wall or to a slab of slate. This is easily done. We take a piece of linen, such as architects use for tracing, and cement it all over the face of the pieces of glass. When this is hard the linen with all the pieces of mosaic is stripped off the glass plate. The slab of slate or the wall is then prepared with cement, upon which the mosaic, held together by the linen, is pressed and left to harden. The linen is then washed off and the finished mosaic exposed to view. And this is how a glass mosaic is made."—Pall Mall Gazette.

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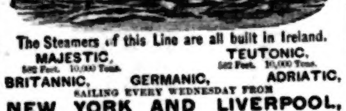

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Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2618 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlinger, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Olow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusea, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4422 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Laconia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 16 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Exler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtcak, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 900 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bru[illegible]ani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lago[illegible]dino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V.-P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 275 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st.; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec.; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 3226 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V.-P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st.; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V.-P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 682 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m. in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barrett, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. in Bigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m. in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 31 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHerna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3630 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.
President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas., J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st, Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.
Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.
Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W. Erie st, Chicago.
Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor; State Medical Examiner, Dr. McIlroy, Sixty-third st, and Wabash av, Chicago.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasurer, Philip Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres, Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres. Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3335 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres. Luke H. Lyons, 198 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st and Ill Cent R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 378 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at [illegible] W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 83 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

COMMANDERY NO. 63 OF THE R. C. U., KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

Thos. Doyle, First Vice-Commander. T. J. Solon, Second Vice-Commander. A. R. Dolan, Secretary. D. Sullivan, Treasurer. J. T. Normile, Captain. Meets every Thursday night in Sedgwick street school-hall for drill. Second Sunday each month in same place at 3 p. m., for general business.

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 5123 Wentworth-av.
Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, [illegible] North Franklin-st.
Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N Carpenter-st.
Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 43 Pine st.
Marshal, J. Doyle, 229½ E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meet second and fourth Friday each month at O'Neill's hall, 679 W. Lake-st. Pres., P. E. Hickey, 461 W. Indiana-st.; V.-P., George F. Ellis; Rec. Sec., B. J. Ford, 670 W. Ohio st.; Fin. Sec., M. J. Kennedy; Treas., Wm. Close; Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Joseph Gubbins.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at hall 227 and West Harrison-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. President, C. Cummins, 11 Gurley-st.; 1st V.-P., J. J. Daly; 2nd V.-P., Peter Reed; Sec'y, J. Cummins, 11 Gurley-st.; Ass't Sec'y, James Hackett, 95 Gurley-st.; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Croak, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 819 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1876. Meet at their hall corner May and Eleventh-sts., the first and third Sunday of each month at 2 p. m. Pres., P. J. Doyle, 714 Loomis-st.; V.-P., S. Riordan; Sec., P. M. McCaffrey, 505 W. Twelfth-st.; Asst. Sec., D. W. Murphy; Fin. Sec., J. K. Cooney; Treas., J. W. Prinderville; Marshal, M. F. Carroll.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President; John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 839 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Ass't Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S—President, J J O'Grady, 103 Emerson av; V-P, W J Anderson, Fin Sec, Dennis L Harmon; Rec Sec, Thomas Garrity, 41 N Carpenter st; Marshal, Thos Roche; Sergt-at-Arms, F P Meehan; Spiritual Director, Rev P J Hickey. Meet second Monday and last Sunday each month.

ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each [illegible] in School hall, corner of Ashland [illegible] Twentieth-st. President, Jo[illegible] van [illegible] Sec., [illegible] Cor Sec., E Quinn, 664 W T[illegible] Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 72[illegible] Treas, John Foley; Marsh[illegible] Spiritual Director, Rev E M[illegible]

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

John Byrne, Pres.; O. G. Smith, V.-P.; J. H. Carmody, Rec Sec; John Shannon, Fin Sec; P. J. Kennedy, Treas; John Tobin, Knight Com; P. F. Davoren, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet in Horan's Hall, cor Halsted and Harrison sts., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 8 p m.

Catholic Knights of Illinois.

STATE OFFICERS.

President, M. Sharkey, Chicago; Vice-Pres., M. J. Walsh, East St. Louis; Sec'y, John E. Weeller, Carlyle; Treas., W. G. Kanne, Breese; Medical Director, Dr. J. Kohl, Belleville.

St. Mark's Branch, meets 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month in the Brothers' school hall, cor. Adams and Desplaines sts., at 3 p. m. President, J. C. Croke, 140 S. Morgan st.; V.-P., P. J. Rowan, 139 S. Desplaines st.; Rec. Sec., John J. Donahue, 178 Sebor st.; Fin. Sec., John Carey, 229 S Robey st.; Treas, R. McDonough, 118 W Madison st.

ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. [illegible]—Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres. Austin J. Kilkenny, Transit House; V-P, J. C. White; Cor Sec, D. J. Pa[illegible] 43d and Emerald-av; Fin Sec, J. F. Moloney; Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. K. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, [illegible] North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 244 Waubansia avenue; treasurer, Patrick Dolan, [illegible] North Clark street. All information regarding the association can be had by applying to any of the above.

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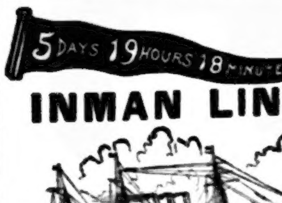

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A WILD GOOSE PATROL.

Herders Defending Wheat Fields from Flocks of Geese and Ducks.

"It may sound funny to people in the east to be told that to protect the grain crops in some of the California counties from wild ducks and geese the farmers have to employ a large force of what are known as herders to patrol the fields and shoot, club and destroy and frighten away by various means the enormous flocks of these ravenous fowl that sweep down on the young and growing grain and devour it, but such is the fact," said James E. Palen, a large grower of wheat in the Sacramento valley. "The ravaging swarms of ducks and geese begin their work of destruction early in the fall, as soon as the wheat begins to sprout. The fowl invade the country along the rivers, but they do not tarry there an hour after the rains have made the wheat plains habitable for them.

"I have seen a tract of seventy-five acres in Colusa county absolutely covered with wild geese, so densely packed as to resemble pictures I have seen of seabird rookeries on some ocean rock. When they first come they wax fat on the wheat stubble, and are juicy and sweet flavored for the table, but when the young winter wheat appears they work on the green sprouts. This has the effect of making their flesh rank, and no one in any of the wild goose ridden districts will eat of these fowls then. They are shipped by the thousand, all the same, to San Francisco and other markets all winter long, where the people seem to think the green wheat fed birds are a delicacy. But if the markets could take ten times as many as they do the number would be small compared with the thousands and thousands of the destructive fowls that are killed and left lying on the ground.

"Tolo county, where I live, especially in its northern part, I once thought could beat all creation as a feeding place for wild geese, for I have seen these flocks so thick in the air, going to and from their favorite pasture, that only few-and-far-between glimpses of the sky could be obtained for an hour at a time. But when I went into Colusa county I made up my mind that I had never seen wild geese enough before to speak of. There is a large expanse of barren plain in that county which affords an unrivaled place of rendezvous for both geese and ducks, and I have seen those barrens when I thought that all the wild geese that went forth to all parts of the land, near and remote, must surely have their starting place on the Colusa county barrens. They may be seen rising up from the plains in swarms like the locusts of Egypt, and going forth in all directions to prey on the farmers. They remain all winter long, and the wheat the farmers cut in the harvest they have had to fight the geese and ducks for months to retain.

"There are many large wheat ranches in these two counties, such as the Glenn [illegible] Bogg and others. From [illegible] ranch, t[illegible]nty-five herders are employed by [illegible] big ranches to patrol the w[illegible] and wage continual warfare a[illegible]e geese and ducks. These herders [illegible] in cabins scattered about the ranch[illegible], and tramp about the fields from daylight until dark, and long after night, too, if the moon is shining, for both geese and ducks feed on the wheat fields at night if it is moonlight. Ducks are more troublesome than geese at night, and it was discovered accidentally a few years ago that a light in a field would frighten them away. Lanterns were placed in large numbers among the wheat, and for a long time the fowl were so shy of the bright lights that the farmers were benefited. At last, however, the ducks became used to the lanterns, and grew so bold as to feed by their light.

"The small farmers in the wheat district, being unable to individually employ herders, have combined in a sort of mutual herding association, and pay for patrol protection out of a common fund, many of the farmers doing herding duty themselves."—New York Sun.

A Brave Little Yankee.

During the revolution a party of Connecticut troops were captured on Long Island, one of whom was a fifer boy much undersized, though full of fire and very strong for his inches. His commanding officer being summoned to the presence of the British general, the boy followed. "Who are you?" said the general. The boy replied, "I am one of King Hancock's men." "Can you fight?" asked the general. "Yes, sir; I can," said the boy.

The general called up one of his own fifers and said, "Dare you fight him?" "Yes, sir," answered the little Yankee. The general then told the fifer to strip and give battle, which he did forthwith. The fight ended in victory for the small son of Connecticut. Indeed, the little Briton was so badly damaged that it was deemed best to interfere, lest the Yankee boy should demolish him entirely.

The English officer rewarded the little fellow's valor and resolution by giving him his liberty, and he lost no time in making his way to the land of steady habits, where his exploit was duly chronicled in the local newspaper.—Youth's Companion.

Who Are the Cretins?

They are a class of the unfortunates, unable to walk, usually deaf and dumb, and practically blind. This degeneration of body and mind is occasioned by poverty, impure air, filth, intermarriage of relatives and intemperance. Though found in other portions of the earth, Cretins are very numerous in central and southern Europe. In several of the Swiss cantons they are said to form from 1 to 5 per cent. of the population. In Rhenish Prussia and in the Danubian provinces of Austria the number is still greater; in Syria many villages of four or five thousand inhabitants not having a single man capable of bearing arms. In Wurtemberg and Bavaria, in Savoy, Sardinia, the Alpine regions of France and the mountainous district of Spain the disease is very prevalent.—J. N. Hallock in Christian at Work.

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ESTATE OF ANN LEONARD, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Leonard, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. DORATHEA LEONARD,
Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY J. GUERIN, DECEASED —All persons having claims against the estate of Mary J. Guerin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. JOHN GUERIN,
Executor.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF NEWRICH JONES, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Newrich Jones, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. MARTHA JONES,
Administratrix.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
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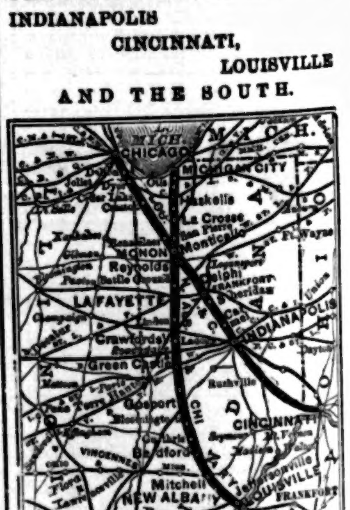

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